

The Swan



1986



THE

THE MAGAZINE OF UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

CONTENTS

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2. Head Master's Report | 34. Computer Quiz |
| 6. Skiing - Old People's Party | 35. The Library |
| 8. Old Paludians | 36. Expedition to Hellas |
| 9. Parents' Association | 38. Hay Fever |
| 10. Biology Field Trip | 39. The Interview - Apologies |
| 11. Gray/Hampden House Reports | 40. Flight Into Danger |
| 13. Herschel House Report | 41. An Unexpected Visit |
| 14. Milton House Report | 43. The Lonely Road |
| 15. Carol Service | 44. The Locked Door |
| 16. Geography Field Trip | 46. The Waiting Room |
| 17. Planets - Taking Off | 48. The Reluctant Witness |
| 18. Soccer | 49. Torture |
| 19. Soccer - Cross Country | 50. Stopped by Fear |
| 20. Basketball | 52. Granma's Sister |
| 22. Hockey Boys/Girls | 53. Poor Soul |
| 23. Volleyball | 54. Mr. Nobody - The Tiger - |
| 24. Salimata Diabate | The Rescue |
| 25. Moonraker | 56. The Hitchhiker |
| 27. Multi-Cultural Evening | 57. The Ghostly Graveyard |
| 29. General Knowledge - Youth Speaks | 58. Daddy-Longlegs |
| 30. T.V. Stars | 59. Early Morning - No Words Came |
| 31. Top of the Form | Out |
| 33. Road Safety - Crime Prevention | 60. Paws |
| | 62. A Toy Shop |
| | 63. Black and White - End piece |

COVER - FRONT: KIRSTY HURRELL BACK: SUNIL VAID

ART WORK

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Rupert Knight | 27. Mandeep Takhar | 51. Mandeep Takhar |
| 5. Jenny Oliver | 28. Rupert Knight | 54.) Mark Manley |
| 7. Mandeep Takhar | 37. Huw James | 55.) |
| 8. Bhupinder Basra | 38. G. Fallows | 61. Jenny Oliver |
| 15. B. McGivern | 42. Mark Manley | 62. Mark Manley |
| 26. Raja Khurana | 45. Corinna Beaumand | 64. Wajid Hamid |
| Sunil Vaid | 47. Wajid Hamid | |

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

Much has been said in the media and elsewhere about the so-called 'gloom and doom' associated with the country's present day education. Few schools have escaped the effects of the teachers' Industrial Action, and all are experiencing the far too rushed preparations for those important new GCSE courses.

Our concern has been to ensure that as far as possible the pupils at Upton should not suffer, and I trust the contents of this magazine will show that standards and opportunities have been maintained. Indeed Upton Grammar School has so made its mark locally and nationally that one tends to forget that it started only four years ago.

The School commenced the Autumn Term 1985 with 664 pupils on roll, including 173 Sixth Formers.

We welcomed four new members of staff in September. Mr. H.W. Aitchison joined us from Hutcheson's Grammar School, Glasgow as Head of the Geography Department. He is a graduate of Glasgow University and has had valuable experience as a Senior Assistant Examiner with the Scottish Examination Board.

Mrs. S. Riches came to teach French and Latin having previously been at the Radcliffe School in Bucks. She is a graduate of Exeter University.

Mrs. J. Bell also joined our Languages Department to teach French and Latin. A graduate of Lancaster University, Mrs. Bell had taught locally at Windsor and Burnham.

Miss B. McGivern was appointed to take the place of Mr. Bryan who has been on secondment for the year. She qualified at Glasgow School of Art and came to us from Westwood School, Reading.

A loss to the staff at the end of the Autumn Term was Mr. C. Courtney who went to Cox Green Comprehensive School, Maidenhead. Mr. Courtney came to Slough Grammar School in 1977 as Master in Charge of Metalwork. Since the merger in 1982 there had been greater scope for his talents within the Creative Technology Department. Mr. D. De Silva came for the term to replace Mr. Courtney until Mr. D. Dumbell was available after Easter. Mr. Dumbell was previously on the staff of Charters' School. He is a graduate of Brunel University.

At the end of the Spring Term we said farewell to Mr. R.J. Warren and Mr. T. Cuthbert. Mr. Warren had been with us since 1980 teaching Economics, Business Studies and Maths, and he has now moved to Feltham School. Mr. Cuthbert, a member of the Geography Department came to Slough in 1982 and is now at Ealing Green Comprehensive School. Both Mr. Warren and Mr. Cuthbert will be missed in the classroom and on the games field. It was indeed fortunate that Miss Saunderson agreed to return part-time from her well-earned retirement to assist Mr. Cuthbert's 'O' and 'A' level Geographers during those vital weeks before Whitsun.

/cont'd

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

Other valued colleagues are to leave us at the end of the summer term. They are Mrs. O. Holgate, Mrs. A.K. Orchard, Mr. N. Bower, Mr. A. Matthews, Mr. D. Coppen, Mrs. S. Massen, Miss B. McGivern and Mrs. J. Bell. Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. Orchard and Mr. Bower are retiring from teaching.

Mrs. Holgate was appointed to Slough Grammar School in 1965 to teach Modern Languages, and a few years later transferred to the English Department. More recently she has had the added responsibility of Head of Fourth Year. Mrs. Holgate has been much involved with our Public Speaking teams and plays.

Mrs. Orchard joined the staff of Slough High School in 1969 and has taught English and Classics. She reduced to part-time two years ago, but has continued her lively participation in extra-curricular activities including trips abroad.

Mr. Bower has been in charge of Music at the School since 1974. Responsible for the orchestra and the choir he has produced our School Concerts and provided the musical side of the annual Festival of Carols and Readings.

Mr. Matthews came to Slough Grammar School in 1976 to teach English. He has been in charge of the Library and was for several years responsible for the School Magazine. In those days we printed it ourselves. He has also cared for our minibuses. For the past year Mr. Matthews has been Head of Hampden House. He now goes to the post of Sixth Form Master at the Licensed Victuallers' School, Slough.

Mr. Coppen has been with us for three years teaching Physics, and is to become Head of Physics at Langley Grammar School.

Mrs. Massen has taught Biology here since 1982, but over the last year has spent part of the time at the Sir William Herschel Grammar School. She now moves to a full-time position at Herschel.

The appointments of Miss McGivern and Mrs. Bell were temporary, and they have taught Art and Languages respectively for the year.

We thank the members who are leaving for all they have done for their pupils over the years.

Last, but certainly not least on our retirement list is Mr. R.T.G. Barnes our long serving resident School caretaker. Mr. Barnes was responsible for the High School building from 1965 until July 1983 when he moved to Lascelles Road. He was temporarily in charge of the two school sites between January and July 1983 - a time of transfer of equipment and furniture, and awesome upheaval. Mr. Barnes will be difficult to replace.

Our thanks and best wishes are extended to the Modern Language Assistants, Fraulein B. Flierl and Monsieur P. Lecler. We hope they have enjoyed their stay in England.

This year our Head Girl has been Helen Bullock and the Head Boy, Peter Drew. Both have served the School admirably and received excellent support from their Deputies and Prefects.

/cont'd

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)

Our Pastoral Care System, previously based on the Houses has been changed this year with the introduction of Heads of Year Groups. The Head of Year is responsible for co-ordinating and monitoring the care and tutorial activity across the year-group. The Houses remain, playing a reduced, but still important role.

It is pleasing to report that the G.C.E. 'A' and 'O' level results for 1985 were again of good quality. At 'A' level 76 candidates gained 172 passes, several students having the highest possible grades. Probably the most notable was Sreenivas Darigala with Physics A, Chemistry A1, Biology A, Mathematics A. At 'O' level 117 candidates achieved grade C or better in 631 papers.

We are delighted that Matthew Benham has a place to study Physics at Wadham College, Oxford.

Congratulations are also due to Andrew Watts who has an unconditional Scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music lasting up to six years. In 1985 Andrew won the Royal Academy's Intermediate School prize.

A highlight of the year which generated a great deal of interest and excitement was our involvement in the 1985 B.B.C. "Top of the Form" contest. The team of Andrew Flannery, Mark Instone, Annabel Trebski and Steven Rowntree battled their way through to the final where they met and narrowly beat a team from The Pilgrim Upper School Bedford. The U.G.S. team coped admirably with the pressure of the occasion.

Teams have also done extremely well in Road Safety, Crime Prevention, Youth Speaks, Computer Studies and other competitions, overcoming opposition from near and far.

The School Play this year was Noel Coward's "Hay Fever". Always a popular choice and much enjoyed. The quality of the production was remarkably high for school pupils.

Later in December our traditional "Festival of Carols and Readings" attracted a large congregation, filling St. Mary's Church.

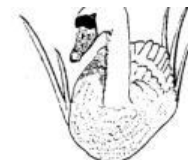
The year has been a fair one for school games as the more detailed reports will show. One problem has been to find suitable opposition as many schools have been hit by the teachers' industrial action.

The thoughtful and helpful work of the Community Service groups was recognised again by the Nat-West Bank and earned a Project Respond Award.

I cannot attempt to cover all the charitable and fund-raising projects in which the members of the School have been involved. They are many. We regularly hear from Salimata the eleven year old girl who lives in Mali, West Africa. Our donations assist her and her community. It is clear from Salimata's letters that she is very appreciative and touchingly cheerful, and progressing in spite of her Third World environment.

/cont'd

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT (cont'd)



I must congratulate Corinna Beaumond who won first prize in the British Film Year competition which entailed designing costumes for the film "The Highlander". It is a new film to be released in August, and we look forward to seeing some of Corinna's designs made up and on show in Knightsbridge about that time.

Another individual achievement was that of Rizvana Ahmad who has had work published by the National Association of Youth Clubs.

We are extremely grateful to the Parents' Association and particularly to the hard-working Committee ably led by Mrs. Sable. They have continued their fine support and raised money from which all members of the School have benefited.

In a summer notorious for its rainfall the day of the 1985 Fete was mercifully sunny, encouraging a pleasing attendance. The Multi-cultural Evening on 8th March was just as successful as last year's with many countries represented.

Finally I should like to draw attention to some celebrations in the near future. It was 75 years ago, in 1912, that Slough Secondary School was founded. The site was then in Wellington Street, and it was in 1936-37 that the girls and boys moved to Twines Lane and Lascelles Road.

We look forward to some festivities next spring providing the opportunity for past and present students to meet old friends again and to make new ones. Please alert all Old Paludians!

G.H. Painter.
Head Master.

Slough Grammar School Magazine
No. 4
FEBRUARY, 1959

EDITORIAL
The crisis of last September must be held responsible for the late appearance of this issue of the Magazine. When many important spheres of national activity suffered severe dislocation, the School was fortunate in being able to continue with few apparent signs of the gravity of the situation. At the blackest moment it is feared that we should have to leave the school. The school was scheduled for the use of the civil air again, we confidently hope, will the School be faced with such a crisis.

SCHOOL NOTES
At the beginning of the Autumn Term boys on the roll. Next September the more than 420 in attendance. The increased number of Forms has somewhat increased the task of editing and to achieve this object we have listened to advice, we have consulted various books in the library as well as other school magazines, but still we have found no suitable beginning. We have written plans, but the first heading of each page has been the word "Introduction," and nothing more. So, as a last resort, we have narrated a few of our experiences in the school, and the former library is now a physics laboratory.

The School Certificate results, which have been higher percentages of passes being higher than in the previous year, are a welcome sign. We very heartily congratulate the boys and girls who have gained a County Major School Certificate. He has earned the right to be proud.

No. 40
DECEMBER, 1955

EDITORIAL

It is with not a few misgivings that we submit this editorial to the, we hope, friendly criticism of those upon whom the somewhat arduous task of editing does not fall. Our aim has been to write an editorial worthy of our School Magazine, and to achieve this object we have listened to advice, we have consulted various books in the library as well as other school magazines, but still we have found no suitable beginning. We have written plans, but the first heading of each page has been the word "Introduction," and nothing more. So, as a last resort, we have narrated a few of our experiences in the school, and the former library is now a physics laboratory.

First of all we have to bid a very hearty welcome to our new Headmaster, Mr. E. R. Clarke, and we feel sure that under his leadership the School will continue to flourish. Several changes have been made during this term, amongst them being that in connection with the compilation of the Magazine, which now consists of notes and articles written by the boys and girls themselves and the inclusion of a photograph in each number. The pages of the Magazine are open to all in the School, and it is intended that they shall record not only the academic, athletic, and social activities of the School, but also provide a medium for displaying the literary ability of the pupils.

Slough High School Magazine
AUTUMN AND SPRING 1956-57



EDITORIAL
the first issue of our Magazine as the new world for we enter as we have gone before. Last July upon our upward climb we halted the skyline ahead. The pages appear twice. We command these pages to the first phase of our journey.

NOTES

SCHOOL SKIING TRIP 1986

The journey to Cerler, Spain was entirely by coach (except to cross the Channel, as the coach would have sunk!), a double-decker with absolutely no leg-room, so yoga positions were adopted for "comfort". Twenty-eight hours later (and we felt every second!) at three p.m. Saturday, the intrepid voyagers arrived at the resort, and as many of the party were there last year, we were not dismayed by the green monstrosity (our Hotel).

Up on the slopes it seemed to snow constantly, but as the visibility was reduced, our kamikaze techniques were not seen! After much delay our skiing instructors arrived, and one (Alfredo - the advanced group's instructor) had a broken wrist! Ahh! All our illusions of the immortal instructors were shattered! Then we were off! John Pollock demonstrated skiing without a ski, on his posterior! Elena achieved some very strange positions and I personally invented skiing down a black piste on my face (this made a change from my infamous snow-plough!). Mr. Bowater fell prey to the pessimistic Spanish doctors, who diagnosed a broken arm, which later (in England) was revealed to be intact.

Special commendations go to John Pollock (again!), Rebecca Newton, Brian Sanders and Bob Craddock, the Upton Grammar Ski Team who all won medals for slalom (no doubt televised for Ski Sunday). John, as the only member of the "advanced" party to take part (the others had more sense!) had no competition for it.

The night/morning life was varied, and formation dancing by Mr. Gill, Mr. Rieley and Mr. Inger was greatly appreciated. (Mr. Inger is now giving lessons in flamenco dancing!) Many thanks also go to Mrs. Bowater who remained level headed as banker against all the odds.

The week was over far too soon, and when all was said and done, every one had a thoroughly enjoyable time and we can't wait to return, independently next year.

The merry travellers once more boarded the coach, to see the repeats of the videos viewed on the outward journey. Breakfast on the ferry, (not recommended) and once again (six hours ahead of schedule) we were back in dear old England, for eleven a.m. Sunday.

And finally, the last word goes to the Tourmaster Courier Tim.

"To Tim!" (The oldest swinger in town!)

CLARE MEDLOW 62M.

* * * * *

THE OLD PEOPLE'S PARTY

Held on the tenth of December 1985.

For weeks beforehand we knitted during lunchtimes, on buses, in bed, at the cafe. We had to raise enough money to give each person a present

/cont'd



and fifty people were expected! No, Mrs. B. has phoned some more and now it's 90 - keep knitting. Even the boys helped (no names) and we raised the money.

Then came the transport problems, could we use people's cars? Also three trips with the minibuses and the Age Concern coach and ambulance.

The offers of food from parents were tremendous and that seemed to be fine but how to fit them into the canteen? Wendy, Dion, Rebecca and Kate counted tables and seats.

Mr. Nelson took Sandra and Helen to the Cash and Carry to buy one hundred presents: chocolates, turkish delight and lots of fruit jellies! Don't forget the bingo prizes - some of our knitted squares made shawls for this purpose.

All seemed ready and finally the day arrived. Mass panic - where are the tea bags? Are all the presents wrapped? Has Andrew got his evening suit?

At two o'clock we had helped them all into the hall and chatted to them. The team in charge of the canteen were hanging decorations. We entertained the old people with Indian folk and classical dancing. Then we sang carols and read some of the traditional texts. They joined in singing "The 12 Days of Christmas" and generally enjoyed themselves.

Then we hoisted them onto their feet and moved to the canteen for tea. This was marvellous - thanks to all the parents who sent in the food. Andrew took off his jacket rolled up his sleeves and "called" for bingo. This was so popular that we had trouble sending them home - and preventing them from taking Andrew with them! But eventually tired and happy they boarded the buses clutching cakes wrapped soggly in paper napkins.

The most thanks are due to the stalwarts who stayed to wash up, but we are also grateful to the drivers of the buses and all those who helped to make the afternoon a great success.

The Community Service Group.

THE OLD PALUDIANS

The Old Paludians are an association formed to provide social and sporting activities for former pupils of Slough Grammar School, Slough High School, and Upton Grammar School. The Club is based at Berry Hill, Taplow, where there is a large sports ground and a clubhouse with a licensed bar.

Throughout the year the Old Pals run a number of social events to suit all tastes and continue their strong sporting tradition, running seven football sides on Saturdays and Sundays and a cricket section during the summer months.

All former pupils, and past and present members of staff, will be welcomed as members of the Old Pals and the club committee is always willing to consider suggestions on widening the range of activities provided at the club.

Many of the present Sixth Form will already have attended some social functions at the clubhouse and I would hope that you will continue to do so after you leave the School. No matter where you may move to, you can be assured that you will always be able to meet up with some old school friends at the club.

The continued success of the Old Pals depends upon the support of each new generation of school-leavers and I hope that many of you will continue to maintain your links with the School by becoming members of the Old Paludians and come along to the Club and enjoy a few evenings each year, at least, with former pupils from many eras.

Anyone wishing to join the Old Paludians should contact either Mr. Colm Gill at the School or Andy Doig, the club secretary, on Slough 47738.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Andy Doig, Secretary, Old Paludians.
Stanley Jones Field, Taplow,
Bucks.

SPORTS SECTIONS

Football: David Aslett, Chairman,
Slough 77595.

Cricket: Pete Dunage, Chairman,
0734 785414.



THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The new committee of the Parents' Association started their year full of enthusiasm.

We soon realised that fund raising would be our main objective.

The fete raised a considerable amount of money, £1,200, and thanks must go to all the parents, staff and committee for all the help received.

A raffle was held in the School at Christmas, your support for this raised £200.

Our outing to the Theatre was enjoyed by all those who went. Some people went to see "Adrian Mole" at the Wyndham Theatre and others to see "The Nutcracker" at the Royal Festival Hall. Perhaps we should think about another trip in the future. We are, of course, open to suggestions about possible events.

Another talk on Drugs and Solvent Abuse was arranged and given by Acting Chief Inspector Roy Bailey last November. A reasonable number of parents attended this evening.

The Sixth Form common room was decorated and the committee was asked to provide some easy chairs and coffee tables to furnish the room. The chairs have already been paid for, and we are awaiting the coffee tables.

Our second Multi-Cultural Evening was held in March this year. We were entertained by dancers, singers and musicians. Mr. Thistlewood very kindly compered the evening for us.

A Lecture Theatre was sorely needed for the School and the Parents' Association agreed to help with the refurbishing of one of the classrooms to this end.

The Spring Fayre resulted in another £200 being raised for the School. We hired out some of the tables to others to sell their wares. Many treated themselves to a very good Ploughman's Lunch.

We now look forward to the annual fayre planned for October 4th. The committee also look forward to renewing their friendships with all the parents and helpers they met last year, along with, we hope, many new faces. Many thanks to all those who have generously supported the association throughout the year. We hope you will continue to do so.

BARBARA SABLE (Chairman)

TWENTY-FIVE GO MAD IN DALE
(The Biology Field Trip)

"Oh golly! I am looking forward to these hols!" I cried. "Got any ginger-beer?" Karen came up and clapped me on the back. "You are a brick!"

So the scene was set for the Biology Field Trip to Dale. The gels and boys got on the train, the guard blew his whistle and the train puffed out of the station.

Once we were away everyone was jolly friendly and we all discussed our tuck-boxes and what goodies we had inside them.

"Lashings of ginger-pop, gooey macaroons and creamy eclairs!"

"Ooh! It would be lovely if we had an adventure, wouldn't it?" piped up Neena.

"Rather!" exclaimed Helen.

"A good juicy one for these hols!" we all giggled.

"No such luck! It would be too much to expect after the mystery of the missing Van der Graaf Generator" I said.

Alas! How wrong I was!

We changed trains three times; the last one was a slow local one with carriages. Next to me was rather a suspicious looking character. He had bright red hair, a crooked nose, a scar down one cheek, a black patch over one eye and British Rail uniform on.

Mmm. Suspicious looking chap we all thought. Probably involved in some smuggling ring.

We arrived at Dale in the evening to find we had to walk the last few miles in the dark. Who minded? Not us! Super-duper chance to get some exercise. Luckily we arrived in time for a scrumptious feast which we all devoured greedily. After dinner we were shown to our rooms. We gels had the 5-star treatment with luxury twin beds and central heating etc, while the boys were marched off to their eleven to a room dorms. But they were jolly decent not complaining about it!

From my window I could see the lights from the oil refinery across the bay. But then I noticed a flashing green light. On-off on-off it went. Oh golly! Somebody was signalling to someone in the building! My extra sharp sensory perception made me realise that something fishy was up! I decided to alert the rest of the gang the next day when we would have enough time to investigate. However it was not to be. Our lecturer Steve had other ideas. His idea of fun was finding fifty Amphipods (little crustaceans which hop around), painting white dots on them and burying them in sea-weed again. Not very sporting we thought, at first. But unknown to us, it was to lead us to our first clue

One particular Amphipod kept hopping away and then looking back to see if I followed. Being a rather strapping and sporting young gel, I cautiously followed it. It lead me to the Splash Zone on an exposed rocky shore, two miles up from the beach. There, to my disbelief, I saw a Limpet placed on THE CLUE.

/cont'd

TWENTY-FIVE GO MAD IN DALE (cont'd)

I rushed back to my chums, squashing the Amphipod on the way.

I discussed my findings with my pals and we decided to review the situation over a mid-night feast. Meanwhile I gave the Limpet and CLUE to Kate to look after.

Later that evening I could hear strange noises on my bedroom wall. It was Kate. 'Tap ... Tap Tap ... Tap! She was trying to say something in Morse! I rushed round to her room. But she had vanished and so had THE CLUE!

The next morning, kitted out in our bright yellow waterproofs we went out on an eight mile trek to a salt marsh. On the way there we had to pass through Dale Village. There was something quite eerie about the place that sent shivers down my spine. Then suddenly Jazz realised the awful truth: the place was deserted. Not a soul was to be seen.

I was jolly perplexed. Earlier this morning after an absolutely top-hole breakfast I realised Dion had mysteriously vanished. Where had she gone?

What was happening?

What was for dinner tonight? - were the questions which occupied my mind; so much so that I did not notice the sea-gulls ominously circle above our heads

Later that day going about our business, splashing about in the rock pools and accidentally killing the barnacles we were unaware that every move we made was being stealthily watched.

That evening we were to suffer the consequences for our actions, for it was announced that three certain individuals were to do a speech on 'THE HARMFUL AFFECT of BIOLOGY STUDENTS (sp.p. Uptonian) ON THE ENVIRONMENT.

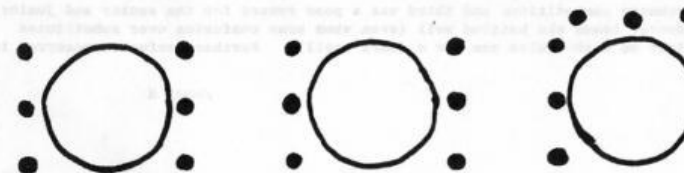
We looked at each other, faces red, jaws dropped!

This was a jolly bad show!

Yes, and they were naming names; yours truly, not excluded!

However, despite this last shock, and the fact that we had to walk miles every day in all weathers, and stay up past bed-time finishing homework, we really would like to thank Mrs. Massen and Mr. Davies for being such super sports and organising these absolutely ripping hols!

RIZVANA AHMAD 62HA.



GRAY HOUSE REPORT

With the internal re-organisation of the School on horizontal "year" lines rather than wholly on the vertical "House" system, the role of the "HOUSE" in the School has necessarily changed. Still a valuable force for both staff and pupils, the "House" has had difficulty in finding its new identity.

Sport, both within and outside normal classroom time, provides the main basis for activity. Once again Gray House is blessed with volunteers to run and take part in all teams, and once there, they play with "spirit". Perhaps, because we are such "decent chaps" and civilised ladies, we do not always come first, but then again we do not usually come bottom either. Sporting memories this year - the overwhelming response of our Senior Girls, particularly from the Fifth Form, for the Hockey team, the dash and verve of our Basketball teams, the Junior Soccer Trial with boys clamouring to be allowed to play, the narrow defeat of our Junior and Senior Soccer Teams (every year - the same old story - "We could win this year, sir!") and the great success of our Badminton Team.

The Second Form Christmas Party was as usual a resounding success, resounding being the apt adjective. 'Pass the Parcel' will never be the same again!

None of this could take place without the willing help of so many Sixth Form volunteers - under-rated and under-used as they are, yet I hasten to add, much appreciated - so thank you Karen, Helen, Satvinder, Ajay, Saras and all the rest of 62GRAY who throughout their long and varied school career have extruded! the essence of Gray House Spirit, which is never to be forgotten. And from my own group, my thanks to Sohalla, Elizabeth, Rajnish, Neil and Surinder, and all who this year helped, in some way in House activities.

ANON.

HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT

Members of Hampden House have distinguished themselves in many school activities - sport, plays, community service to name but a few - and a strong representation among the heads and deputies has almost become traditional.

In sport the House has competed vigorously - but with varied success. The girls fought very hard in the outdoor hockey for little reward but were second in the indoor version. The fifth years did achieve a first in table-tennis and came second in the volleyball, while the badminton placings have put us third overall. Third place does seem to have a certain attraction for Hampden competitors - the boys were third in the cross-country competitions and third was a poor reward for the senior and junior soccer teams who battled well (even when some confusion over substitutes left us with twelve men for a short spell). Further confusion occurred in

/cont'd

HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT (cont'd)

the senior basketball - there appeared to be some doubt about the definition of a non-contact sport, which left some members of our team as temporary spectators. However, such was their individual strength, they still came first, and excellent performances from the juniors, who came second, gave us an overall victory.

In the autumn term the House raised over £200 for the R.N.I.B. by sponsoring the School's general knowledge quiz team. The area organiser, Mr. Serle, presented an entertaining assembly on the work of this particular charity and came again to the main assembly to present a certificate and express his thanks for the House's efforts. Members of 61 were particularly active in organising the fund-raising and it must also be said that members of 61 and 62 have done excellent jobs as form prefects.

I would like to say thank-you to all the Hampden staff, the team captains and organisers, the competitors and all members of the House who have contributed this year. Sadly every year we have to say farewell to those leaving the School and we wish them every success with their examination results and chosen careers.

Also, this year, we must say good-bye to several members of staff, some moving to other jobs and others to a well deserved retirement. I am sure the House will join with me in wishing them every happiness.

A.M.

HERSCHEL HOUSE REPORT

Most Herschel House members decided to concentrate on academic achievements this year, hence our sports' results were average. Winning is not the only thing in sport as we frequently proved, however let us not forget our senior girls' joint victory in the badminton. Marvellous! The senior girls would have won the hockey too, but their loss to Milton in a close final, deciding game shattered our dreams. Unfortunately there is not room for me to discuss our performances in football or basketball. It remains for me to extend my thanks to all those Herschelians who fought so courageously for their House this year, as well as our supporters who thronged the touchlines.

MATTHEW BENHAM. Vice-House Captain and Sports' Capt.

I would like to echo the thanks that Matthew extended to all those who participated in many ways in Sports this year. As House Captain I was able to help organise other events this year, and was pleased to see the turn-out to such events as the Herschel Fair. Many pupils from all forms, especially 2HE, gave up their time to help in this event and special thanks must also go to fellow Sixth formers (too numerous to mention individually!) who were in charge of various years. This willingness to be involved in House activities reflects a growing Herschel House spirit, and this year was no exception. Well done!

KRIS SIMPSON. House Captain.

MILTON HOUSE REPORT

Hello Miltonians (and other inferior mortals)!

Once again it's time for Milton House to gloat over a great year of achievements.

Victories were attained in Senior and Junior football, Senior Field Hockey and a new event, Volleyball. Well done! And there is more! Yes more!

For Basketball a third place (good try lads) and third place also for Junior Field Hockey (good try girls). In Senior Indoor Hockey by a strange and incomprehensible 'knock out' system our girls were defeated (yes dare I say defeated) and attained a third place even though only one game was lost (a very good show for only half a team). Badminton, a new fixture on the inter-House scene was not our strong point this year, and considering only two members of the team had played before, we were not disheartened by a fourth place. This illustrious position was also occupied by the Junior Indoor Hockey squad.

Away from the sporting events, Milton was at the fore-front of charity events - yes the Milton House Talent Contest - a great time was had by all and fifty pounds was raised for charity. Looking forward, on the horizon we can see the Milton House sponsored Variety Show. Once again the School will be treated to a display the likes of which is only to be found on Broadway! This of course will be written, directed and performed by the creme de la creme (us!). This tremendous event will take place in May so let's hope we can all wait that long.

No Milton House Report could end without the credits. As Milton House captains Andrew Watts and myself would like to thank (on behalf of the House):

Executive producers: Mr. Rogers and Miss Dewar
aided and abetted by all Miltonian staff.

The sports captains: especially Jonty Whitehead (football), and
of course all Miltonians for taking part. We hope we have
your continued support for our next undertaking - Sports' Day!

C.J.M.

* * * * *

Although the House system has changed, it retains its concern for people and the people who are Milton House have given the School a memorable year through their involvement in the wide range of individual and team activities the School offers. We thank our officers for strong leadership and effective organisation; we thank our Form Prefects for steady, reliable service. If the House is to mean anything it has to meet as a whole, and we have continued with our variety of Assemblies. By far the most memorable were our Christmas Readings given by 4M and a brilliant Easter presentation of The Last Supper by 3M. Both of these occasions were enlivened by an Upper Sixth led team of singers: their performance of David Roddick's "Song for Mr. Warren", accompanied at the drums by Jonathan Whitehead will stay in the memory. So too will 2M's lively Christmas party and Robert Murphy's Annual Football Surprise. This year, he played for Hampden House to make up their numbers - but did you really have to score for them, too, Robert? . . .

M.A.D. D.A.R.



The only serious problem was parking the car somewhere on a Thursday before Christmas in Slough when the shops stay open late. For those who persevered and found a parking space, the rewards were out of all proportion - I refer of course to the Carol Service - or, to give it the full title, the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols.

Praise was pretty fulsome - even better than last year, if that were possible. It would be hard to disagree with that comment.

The readers of the lessons set a standard of clarity and dignity, which we have grown to expect, but it should not be taken for granted, because it can be quite an ordeal to read in public and one's first reaction is to flee for safety!

Likewise we should not take for granted the excellence of the musical performance. The standard which we have grown to expect from Mr. Bower is not achieved lightly and indeed involves a great deal of painstaking work. In some ways the task gets harder, not easier. I particularly enjoy the tremendous variety in the carols and their countries of origin. Some like 'Masters in the Hall' and 'Zither Carol' were outstanding for their exuberance and fun.

I hope everyone made the most of Andrew Watts' excellent singing, as he will have left us next year. To say that his voice is outstanding is no exaggeration and we are fortunate to have one so gifted. Andrew was joined in 'And there were Shepherds' by Dorothea Hodge who sang her part with great feeling.

Thanks to the Organist for his demanding part and also to the Prefects for acting as sidesmen and all at St. Mary's who helped behind the scenes and not least to the Rector for allowing us once again to use his lovely church.

M.J. Thistlewood.

GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP 1985

Much had been told of that strange house where it was said all of life's geographical mysteries would be revealed. The trek had been awesome with many complaining of hunger and weariness of travel in the great yellow vessel that was the minibus. Only at a small hamlet, known to all as Ealing, did we take refreshment whilst our noble and trusty lord went forth to "get my stuff lads."

After many moons we crossed the barren plain of Surrey until the thin, angry spires of Juniper Hall pierced the heavy mist. As the steady cumulo nimbus clouds were broken by what could only be described as a ray of solar energy the stone wall of the house was slowly illuminated. Oh now there was much rejoicing with singing and dancing as sire Jonty found a humble football, and yet such jollity was tinged by Griff's ominous and immortal words - 'is this it then?' The time had come to gather our belongings and enter the house of learning. Mr. Cuthbert's increasing boldness encouraged the 'motley crew' into Juniper or "Junpiteriner thingy" as it came to be called.

Eventually we were introduced to the warden and his crew of merry hosts brandishing sustenance in the form of cake and tea. It was soon after this that the hard work began in earnest. There had been much talk of the Dorking settlement and its abundance of bikers. Legend had it that such men wielded axes and other substantial tree-felling equipment, although experience was to prove otherwise. Nevertheless we drove forth, with our hearty fellows from other areas, to this town to examine the mystical - Central Place Theory. The responses from the local peasants to our enquiries provided a significant insight into the movement of both merchandise and, as resident economist Dave said, 'the consumer'. Blinded by science we returned to the trusty lodge where the day's events were copied up after all had eaten their fill from the food available. (A strange myth circulated that grown men had wept at the standard of the meals and one notable member of the party even turned on the ornamental flowers as a last desperate resort.)

The second day of our mammoth venture took us onto a quiet babbling brook known as Splash and later to the torrential flow of the River Mole. Most members of the party risked life and limb to expand their knowledge of 'wetted perimeters', 'stream velocity' and 'hydraulic radii'. A special mention must be made of Goss who sported a quite distinguished pair of Bermuda shorts throughout the whole ordeal; to much female adoration. Sleeping that night was light and sparse with talk on the lines of the occult, Nostradamus (or was that Nosferatu) and Dave Huckle's agile party trick.

Box Hill was the next venue, at which the affect of tourism on the local flora and fauna was measured. Soils were later investigated although most of us still referred to them all as mud, despite the earnest attempts of our tutor, Lucy.

Examination of the beach at Cuckmere Haven involved probably the most stimulating moment of the 'holiday' (as it was now seen as) - pebble collection. The size and shape of the deposits illustrated sea deposition whilst it was generally agreed that a walk across the Seven Sisters would be of great educational importance. Three miles and two hours later Mr. Cuthbert's considerable popularity had plummeted, yet all was to be forgiven on the final day. Perhaps the 'piece de resistance' of the trip, consistently heralded as one of the twentieth century's great comic achievements, only fractionally overshadowed by the Goons - was the great Cuthbodian sinking act.

It happened somewhere in the middle of a cowfield in Dorking, where the aforementioned teacher was demonstrating his commando training on crossing soft ground. The consistency and constitution of the surface is best avoided, save to say that it came from a cow and it sure wasn't milk! Despite his attempts to escape, this impending doom seemed inevitable until Griff came from nowhere to save our teacher from a most horrible death. Mere words cannot describe the expression on Mr. C's face and strong rumour spoke of money changing hands after the event. Nevertheless it is an event engraved on all our memories as is the fieldtrip as a whole.

Little needs to be said of the last night except that - 'a good time was enjoyed by everyone', well almost everyone.

Special thanks to Mr. Cuthbert for putting up with us and providing several memorable moments. P.S. - cleaned your boots yet?

MICHAEL BOLTON 62HA.

* * * * *

PLANETS

In space there are stars
And planets such as Mars.
There is a planet called Jupiter,
The biggest planet so far.
There is Saturn, Mercury, Venus,
Neptune, Pluto, Uranus.
Of course there is Earth,
Where we had our birth.

KULDIP VIRDI 2M.

TAKING OFF

The aeroplane taxis down the field
And heads into the wind.
Its wheels are lifted off the ground,
It skims above the trees.
It rises higher and higher,
It's just a speck against the sky
And now it has gone!

JUGJEET BHACHU 2M.

* * * * *

UNDER-13 SOCCER

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
8	6	2	0	25	14

After a disappointing loss on the first game against Woodside the U-13s were involved in some close and evenly contested matches; most notably against Herschel (5-3), Burnham Grammar (4-3) and Langley Grammar (4-3).

By the end of the Easter term the U-13s were playing well as a team and were showing good potential which hopefully will be fulfilled in later years.

Adam Poole, Rene Goldsmith, Simon Simpson, Wayne Lloyd and Peter Mills played for Slough Schools' U-13s.

C.G.

UNDER-15 SOCCER

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
2	1	1	0	7	4

Unfortunately the U-15s were the team which suffered most from the combined effects of the teachers' dispute and bad weather. Several individuals however, did gain representative honours. Nigel Fox represented the South West of England and had trials for the England Schools' team. Nigel, Adrian English and Darren Mason have played for Berkshire U-15s. These three together with Michael Buckley and Robert Lewin were part of the successful Slough Schools' team which reached the quarter final of the National ESFA Trophy.

C.G.

1st XI SOCCER

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
18	8	10	0	30	37

This was one of the School 1st XIs most disappointing seasons with no major trophy being won. Two semi-finals were reached however; the most memorable one was played early on in the season against Eton. After dominating both halves but failing to score, the match went into extra time during which a mis-hit by an Eton player found the net and we lost the match 1-0. Eton went on to win the final 4-2. An extremely strong John Hampden side were the other team to defeat Upton in a semi-final, and they too went on to win their final.

In spite of the season's disappointments an enjoyable season was had by the team.

/cont'd

1st XI SOCCER (cont'd)

Congratulations to Gary Rice who deservedly received the player of the year award after a consistently good season and to Ajay Duggal, Neil Fox, Lee Stone and Sean English who represented Berkshire in the U-19s squad.

Squad:

G. Wells, H. Virdee, N. Fox, G. Rice, P. Drew, T. Mandozzi, S. English, A. Duggal (capt.), J.S. Whitehead, L. Stone, D. Ratneshwar, S. Sandhu, R. Gillies, A. Santimano, N. Lowe, A. Gordon, S. Gossain, R. Griffith, R. Stead, J. Sherlock and M. Bolton.

AJAY DUGGAL 62G.

2nd XI SOCCER

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
6	2	3	1	11	16

The wealth of footballing talent in the Sixth Form was such this year that both a 1st and 2nd XI football side could be formed. However the absence of any 2nd XI League or Cup competitions meant that the team's enthusiasm could not be expressed in terms of honours. Despite this, six friendly matches were arranged.

After a fair start at home to Herschel, which we drew 2-2, we let ourselves down by losing to Burnham Grammar away 6-3. The last two fixtures were against the 1st XI and the staff team. Against the 1st XI we were unlucky to lose 5-4, thus showing the strength of the 2nd XI this year. The game against the staff ended in a 5-2 loss.

The team would like to thank Mr. Gill and Mr. Cuthbert for their help in running the team.

Squad:

M. Benham, M. Lam, M. Bernardi, M. Bolton, R. Murphy, R. Lalli, N. Hanif, A. Santimano, S. Gossain, R. Craddock, R. Gillies, R. Griffith (capt.), M. Li, A. Madden.

R. GRIFFITH 62HA.

CROSS COUNTRY

Unfortunately our activities have been curtailed this season, but we have kept up the interest in the sport. The Cross Country club continues to meet and we cater for all abilities. Most of the keener runners belong to local clubs and do much of their training there and compete with success in local races. Perhaps I may be permitted to

/cont'd

CROSS COUNTRY (cont'd)

mention the Datchet Dashers to which at least one member of staff and four parents of pupils in the School, belong!

It was good to see a number of pupils taking part in the sponsored run for Wexham Park Hospital for special equipment. Not all were 'keen' runners but were noble enough to train and complete the 6 1/4 mile course.

The results were as follows:

Berkshire Schools Cross Country at Newbury

Junior boys		Intermediate boys	
Ross Muir	42	Colin Stewart	13
Neil Mounch	67	Geoffrey Poole	61
Leo Donovan	93	Trevor Galea	67
Andrew Galea	94		
Bradley Wren	115		
Rajeev Maini	124		
Keith Baron	126		
Matthew Bain	dnf		

- Team was 13th

Berkshire Schools Cross Country at Birch Hill

Intermediate girls

Julie Marshall 9

Inter Area Cross Country at Newbury

Junior boys		Intermediate boys		Senior boys	
Ross Muir	34	Colin Stewart	8	Matthew Benham	15

Team was first

M.J. THISTLEWOOD.

UNDER-14 BASKETBALL

The U-14s first season 1985/86 was quite a successful one.

The team played very consistently in the league finishing 2nd, and were desperately unlucky not to win it. Upton lost only one match and this was when the team was struck with injuries and illness, and only just managed to raise 5 players. Unfortunately though, this game proved to be the decider at the end of the season and Upton were placed second.

In the County Cup Upton played some skilful basketball on the way to the Final, but in the Final Upton never played to their full potential and again finished runners up.

PLAYED	WON	LOST	FOR	AGAINST
9	7	2	409	253

JONATHAN BRUCE 3M.

UNDER-15 BASKETBALL

Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
5	2	3	182	203

After last year's season the under 15s Basketball team emerged as a powerful squad. We started our season with an impressive win over our major rival L.V.S.

The season slowly progressed and we suffered two minor defeats in our next two matches, both by a few baskets.

In February we were involved in the Cty cup. We reached the quarter-finals and came up against Maiden Erleigh. The team contained a mixture of third and fourth formers, and after playing exceedingly well, we lost very narrowly.

The team was not involved in any other cups but in our last match we beat Cox Green convincingly. On the whole the under 15s basketball team performed reasonably well.

The team consisted of:

S. Tierney, G. Biring (capt.), N. Fox, C. Stewart,
A. Kipping, G. Poole, P. Johal, M. Stevenson,
K. Najjhur, R. Lewin.

The scorers N. Greaves, G. Rowley and C. Mills must also be thanked for giving up their time.

We would also like to thank Mr. Inger and Mr. Gill for their support.

G. BIRING 4HE.

UNDER-19 BASKETBALL

The teachers' industrial action had its effect on the U-19 Basketball team and consequently only two matches were played. The team consisted of A. Battoo, B. Sanders, A. Colley, M. Esam, J. Evans, J. Pollock, G. Reed, P. Little.

Match number one was played against Wellington College. After going 16-2 down in the first half, the team began to worry. But due to better defence and several 3 point shots from one of our players, by half time the lead was only 41-36. From then on we went into overdrive (well at least some of us did) and won the match 85-67, with one of our players scoring an unprecedented 67 points!

Our second match was against LVS, and as we lost it, the trauma involved made me forget everything about it except the score which was 53-51.

The team would like to convey its thanks to Mr. Gill for his efforts in training the team to such a high standard.

E. GAYNOR 62HA.

1st XI HOCKEY (BOYS)

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
3	2	1	0	5	2

After several years of absence, a hockey team under Mr. Rieleley's management was formed from the Sixth Form. We played three games and were undefeated. Our outstanding players were Phil Little on the wing, Mark Esam in the halfs, Greg Reed at the back and some good keeping by Steven Walker. We look forward to next season hoping for some more fixtures.

Squad:

Walker, Flannery, Reed, Dixon, Taylor, Sheikh, Rice, Bashir, Esam, Verrier, Elliott, Battoo, Craddock, McIntosh, Little.

H. VERRIER (Capt.) 61HE.

GIRLS HOCKEY - WINTER SEASON 1985-6

This has been a very disappointing and frustrating season for the girls' hockey team. The Senior team played only 2 matches, and the Under 15 team only 1, all of which were lost. All the other fixtures for the season were cancelled due to the Industrial Action by teachers in the schools we were due to play.

Matches were played in the District Indoor Leagues and Tournaments and here our teams did well.

The Under 18 team was placed 3rd in the League and 2nd in the Tournament.

The Under 15 'A' team was 3rd in the League and the 'B' team was 4th, only one point behind.

The Under 14 team was 2nd in the League on goal average, and won the tournament.

The Senior team played hard in their matches though they lacked co-ordination because they were not able to field the same team regularly. They also felt the lack of a recognised goalkeeper and were very grateful to Tamlyn Bostock, Michele Griffin and Rachel Harris for helping out in this position. Amanda Benham is particularly commended for consistent good play and she was awarded School Colours.

The 4th year team too suffered through key players not being available for matches. Those who played regularly did very well, especially Nicola Ward, Zarka Liaqat and Joanne Stafford, who were all awarded Junior Colours.

The Under 14 team has made a very promising start and has several outstanding players. If the team as a whole continues to play with the same enthusiasm and determination they will go on to further successes in the future. In this team Junior Colours were awarded to Suzanne Morris, Sarah Wighton and Carolyne Parker.

C.D.

GIRLS' HOUSE TOURNAMENT RESULTS

Senior Hockey (4th, 5th and 6th forms)
1st: Milton 2nd: Herschel 3rd: Gray 4th: Hampden.

Senior Indoor Hockey (5th and 6th forms)
1st: Hampden 2nd: Gray 3rd: Milton 4th: Herschel

6th form Badminton
1st: Gray 2nd: Herschel 3rd: Milton 4th: Hampden

5th form Badminton
1st: Gray 2nd: Herschel 3rd: Hampden 4th: Milton

5th form Volleyball
1st: Milton 2nd: Hampden 3rd: Herschel 4th: Gray

4th form Indoor Hockey
1st: Gray 2nd: Tied Herschel, Hampden 4th: Milton

4th form Volleyball
1st: Herschel 2nd: Gray 3rd: Milton Hampden disqualified

4th form Table Tennis
1st: Hampden 2nd: tied Gray, Herschel 4th: Milton

3rd form Indoor Hockey
1st: Herschel 2nd: Milton 3rd: Gray 4th: Hampden

2nd and 3rd year Hockey was not played due to the bad weather at the end of the Spring Term.

Final placings:

Gray and Herschel tied 1st - 26 points.

Milton 3rd - 20 points Hampden 4th - 19 points.

C.D.

UNDER-15 VOLLEYBALL

The Under-fifteens have found yet another sport at which they are skilful and very keen - Volleyball. There are two teams, both of which have great potential in the game. However, they have been hindered by only being able to arrange three fixtures. The teams were very successful in their first game against Desborough, with both teams winning by two sets to one. However, on the away fixture the 'A' team lost a very close fought match, three games to two, losing the third by only two points.

/cont'd

UNDER-15 VOLLEYBALL (cont'd)

The highlight of the Under-fifteens was when they played a 'so called' strong staff team. After winning the first set fifteen to three, out of sheer generosity the Under-fifteens allowed the Staff to pull a set back. In the deciding third set the Under-fifteens allowed the Staff to take a commanding lead, eleven to three. The game continued in favour of the Staff to leave them needing just one point for victory. However, the Under-fifteens pulled back to fourteen-all, making the game very interesting. Both teams had their chances to snatch victory, but it was the Under-fifteens that eventually pulled through to beat the disheartened Staff team, eighteen points to sixteen.

'A' Team

M. Mandozzi
R. Lewin
C. Stewart
G. Poole
D. Mason
K. Najjhur

'B' Team

H. Samra
J. Wordham
R. Khurana
S. Vaid
J. Hole
M. Chhokra

R. LEWIN 4M.

SALIMATA DIABATE

The School continues its link with young Salimata in Mali, West Africa. We send £108 each year and most of this is raised by a sponsored games event in the Spring Term. This year we included the proceeds of a lunch time disco so that many more pupils would be directly involved in donations. The money goes to the village in which Salimata lives and helps them in all sorts of practical ways.

We have received a number of letters from the family and we too have sent letters, postcards and photographs of the School. Dramatic fund raising events in response to disasters which hit the headlines are most necessary, but this sort of regular commitment is equally necessary and it is important that as a School we are involved in such work.

M.T.

MOONRAKER or THE FAMOUS FIVE!

No! Not Enid Blyton's 'Famous Five' but Upton Grammar's Moonraker team No. 5. Team No. 5 was a group of four courageous young girls willing to brave the cold dark Chiltern Hills, with just a compass, map and instructions, which nobody understood, four knapsacks full of food and their common sense, in order to raise money for charity (Muscular Dystrophy).

"Operation Moonraker" is a sponsored event run by Langley and Iver Rotary Club and invites mad people to get lost in some remote dark, wet place near Chequers. No, seriously folks! It is a very well organised event making the night a lot of fun for all the competitors and raising money for charity at the same time.



Our Famous Five team managed to get themselves lost between the starting point and first check-point. In fact, they were so far behind the allotted time for their section that two search parties were sent out to look for them. Meanwhile, our intrepid explorers had managed to get stuck in a bog. When they finally got out, their wellies decided to stay behind!

Eventually, however, one and a half hours late, they set off from checkpoint 'B'. Trying to make up for lost time, they decided to be smart and so took a short cut over a barbed wire fence. Well I'll leave you to figure out what happened



Finally, they reached the half way stage. Feeling pleased with themselves they sat down to drink coffee and have a friendly chat with other teams (most of which had already finished the entire course). At this point (as in any good story) the hero entered. A special thanks has to go to Mr. Adrian Greene who, having completed the whole ten miles, took pity on these poor damsels in distress and graciously offered to help them complete the remaining leg of the journey.

Up hills, over stiles, through cow dung, they trod. Onward they marched, thinking nothing of their tired limbs and aching backs. Until - when having climbed a steep gradient to the top of a very high hill, their instructions blew away. At this point, (the only point I may add) of the journey, a slight flicker of panic appeared in their eyes. But their hero was by their side. To the rescue he came, with his rain sodden map, and safely he got them across the finish line (eight hours twenty five minutes after starting at 8.05 pm).

No congratulations did they receive, only groans from other sleepy walkers from Upton Grammar, who had been waiting several hours in the mini-bus for their return. Altogether eight teams had entered from UGS (one of which was a teachers' team including Mrs. Broadgate and Dr. Whitehouse). They would like to thank those who sponsored them and a special thanks to those who paid up!

Despite the mishaps incurred by team 5 they all enjoyed themselves thoroughly and will definitely be entering again next year. How do we know? Well we must confess, we were in the team!

MISSSES COWAN, DESHPANDE, HOTHI, VASUDEV.



The Multi Cultural Evening

AND WHAT AN EVENING IT WAS! The variety of entertainment was amazing. One might call it a "fluid" evening. Despite the orderliness of the programme, acts were rearranged - could a Chinese Martial Arts devotee be changed in time for the fashion show? The Irish dancers did not arrive and Andrew's throat was giving him trouble - but what a cornucopia remained.

The dancing ranged from classical Indian to very modern (to the music of Madonna), from classical ballet to barn-dancing, where the audience were invited to join in. A word must be said about the very lavish costumes for the Indian dancing, which transformed some of our girls into elegant, almost unrecognisable beauties - was their hair really that long, or did the tassels give a deceptive idea of length?

The two fashion shows, of Indian and Western dress, were a novel part of the evening's many delights.

Music was as varied as the dancing - from oboe, piano and guitar, to violin, steel band and veena. The latter was a fascinating Indian instrument, exquisitely made and painted and producing notes unusual to many ears.

The steel band encouraged the audience to get up and dance - and yes, you did spot both Mrs. McCormack and Mr. Painter participating.

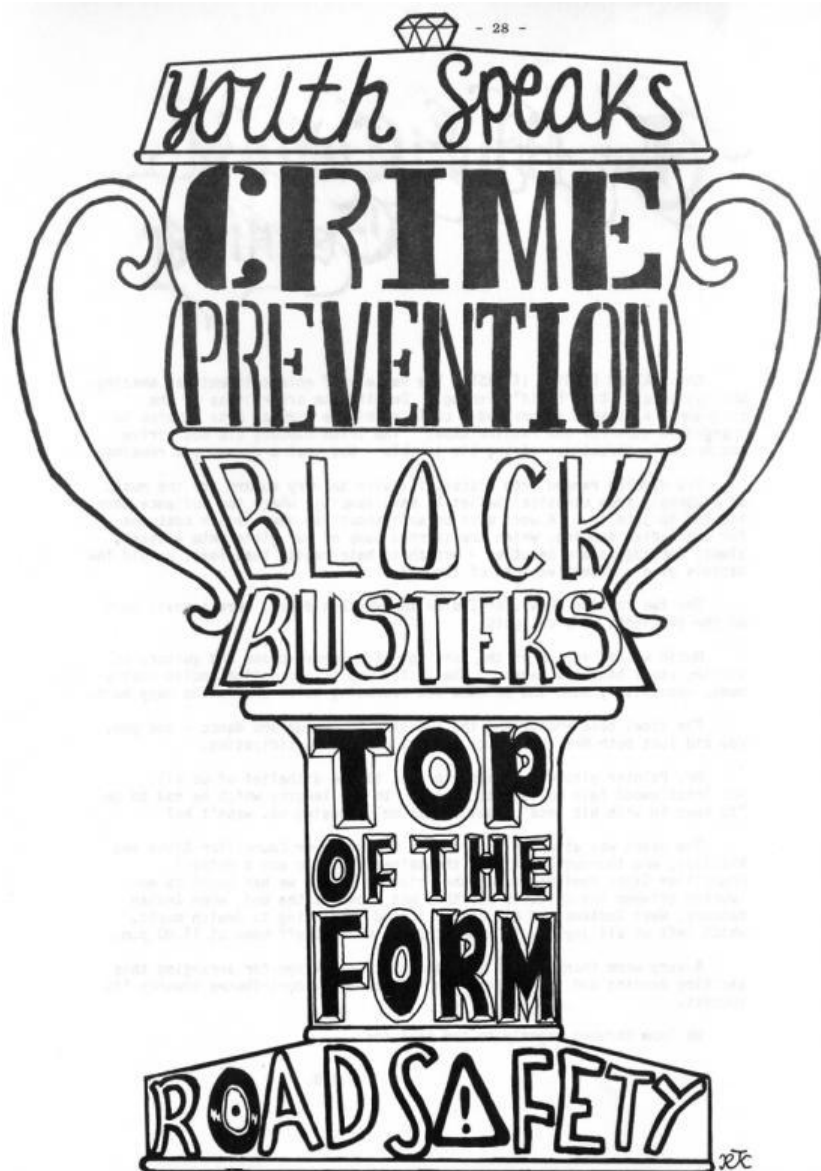
Mr. Painter also won a raffle prize, to the disbelief of us all. Mr. Thistlewood felt obliged to confess, to the lengths which he had to go "to keep in with his boss" - but he was only teasing us, wasn't he?

The event was attended by Slough's Deputy Mayor Councillor Gibbs and his lady, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves, (he too won a prize!). Councillor Gibbs reminded us of the friendly spirit we had hoped to encourage between the cultures and this was shown at the end, when Indian dancers, West Indians and all others joined in dancing to Jewish music, which left us all joyful, if exhausted, as we went off home at 11.00 p.m.

A very warm thank you to the Parents' Association for arranging this exciting evening and to everyone who took part and contributed towards its success.

We look forward eagerly to the next one.

M.A.D.



R.N.I.B. COUNTY GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ

In the first round of the quiz the School gained a comfortable victory over Maidenhead College, a private girls' school. The score was 52 points to 29. However, in the second round, the School was comprehensively beaten by St. Bartholomew's School in Newbury, where illness contributed to the disruption of the team, so that our third form representative had to move up to the fourth form position, and the third form reserve had to play at short notice. The score was 66 points to 49.

The squad: Colin Baughan, Jonathan Williams, Annabel Trebski, Gino Coccia, Frank Hames, John Byrne, Keith Walls, Craig Lewendon.

To do well is not the only purpose behind the quiz. The School also raises money for the Royal National Institute for the Blind by arranging sponsorship for the team on the first round. A sum of £213.84p was raised by members of Hampden House. A further effort to help the R.N.I.B. included a collection before Christmas at Slough Railway Station conducted by members of the sixth form. This raised a further £56.78p.

I would like to thank all those who arranged sponsorship, those members of the sixth form who organised the sponsorship in Hampden House, and the collectors at the station.

A.M.

* * * *

* * * *

YOUTH SPEAKS

Once again two teams were entered for this Rotary-run competition.

The Junior Team were chaired by Graham Lamkin and the vote of thanks was given by Baljinder Hothi (very ably standing in for Tamlyn Bostock). Jason Creak made an excellent speech on 'Bias in the Media'. However the team was not able to repeat the success of last year, but at least the prize went to our neighbours, the Convent School.

The Senior Team were chaired by veteran Nick Banurji and the vote of thanks was given by Clare Medlow. Nisha Sharma made a very witty speech on the pressures on teenagers to conform to the standards of their peers. The speech was entitled 'keeping up with the rest' and received very high praise from the judges in the semi final.

The Senior Team won the first round and also the semi final which entitled them to the area trophy. In both these rounds there were one or two weaknesses which were ironed out in the final where all three performed to the best of their ability. Many of us who were there thought they had a chance of carrying off the trophy, but it was not to be. However they were a great credit to the School.

O.H. and M.T.

WE BECAME T.V. STARS or MANDY AND RIZ IN SHOW BIZ

'What w ... ?' began Bob.

Click! Our rival buzzed again. In front of me the board was rapidly filling up. But with the wrong colour. While Tanaya was busily answering the questions I thought back to how it all began.

Within a week of writing off, we were invited to 'auditions' in a hotel in St. John's Wood, London. We arrived a little early and I watched some of the contestants leave, heads shaking, nails bitten, faces anxious, hands trembling. I confess I became a little apprehensive. But there was no time for panic; we had been summoned. We were introduced to a Liz Fraser, whose charm disarmed us, unfortunately, for before we knew it Block Buster questions were being fired at us with the rapidity of a machine gun.

The Affair was soon forgotten.

Then a couple of months later, Mandy and I were informed that we were chosen to come on the show

We were met at the station and driven to the studio, just outside Nottingham. We met 'Bob' on the B.B. set which was much smaller than I had imagined, (so was Bob!) We were then taken to the Canteen where, among other people, I saw David Macallum and 'Tarrant' of "Blake's Seven" fame. The rest of the day was spent sitting through four shows with an invited audience. They were warmed up by Denny whose jokes were fine enough after the first sitting, but the novelty wore thin when the same jokes were heard by the seventh or eighth show. Filming would end by ten o'clock and we'd be driven to the hotel for the night.

This is where the fun began. However on no account were we to leave the hotel, we were informed by Eddie, the ex-policeman who was 'minding' us. This rule wasn't broken too often.

The next morning we'd pack up again for another day at the studio.

It was fun watching what went on behind the scenes. Unknown to viewers, Gold runs would sometimes be re-done.

At last our time had come.

Mandy and I were made up and before you could say "Block Busters", we were put in front of the cameras.

We tried our best.

However our rival had a slight advantage over us: she was better. But it was all great fun and an experience of a life-time. Sadly I did not get a chance to utter those immortal words, 'Can I have U please Bob?!!'

RIZVANA AHMAD 62 HA.

* * * * *

TOP OF THE FORM 1985

"A damn close-run thing," as the Duke of Wellington might have said. It certainly could not have been closer - only one point separated the two teams in the final - and the B.B.C. could not have arranged a more dramatic finale to the contest.

But the fact remains that Upton Grammar School scored 79 points and the Pilgrim Upper School from Bedford 78.

The whole process began over a year ago now, from the time when the School learned that they were in the competition. The selection of the squad of eight had to take place in the Summer Term of 1985 so that the B.B.C. could have the necessary details to begin the first round in September. A large pool of interested competitors and experienced quizpersons was taken through a series of preliminary rounds and reduced to a first team and a reserve team. The team who played in all the matches comprised Andrew Flannery, the captain, Mark Instone, Annabel Trebski and Steven Rowntree. The reserve team included Patrick Donachy, Rajesh Sharma, Colin Baughan and Frank Hames; they deserve a particular vote of thanks because they pressed the first team very hard in the many lunch-time practice sessions, contributing to a large extent to the School's success in the competition.

The first match involved a visit to Grey Court School in Richmond. A coach-load of pupils proved to be a vociferous support to the team. We were very hospitably received by the home team, and by the B.B.C. people, who explained the complexities of the recording very professionally. The school team won comfortably by 85 points to 66 and the school's supporters seemed to win their own cheering match against the opposition - somewhat less comfortably for those sitting on the front row.

The other matches were against schools further afield and the teams were linked for the recordings through the telephone lines. The gremlins came out in force whenever we played and technical problems delayed the start of each match, but, thankfully, only rarely interrupting the actual matches. The second match against Durrington High School from Worthing was particularly beset by such problems and, as it occurred during our October half-term break, it left us rather short of support by the time the quiz was completed. The School won by 84 points to 65 and the team gained the reputation of being an unflappable foursome. The semi-final game against Falkirk High School was similarly beset, but again the team gained great credit, winning by 67 points to 62.

The semi-final and final were recorded on Wednesday afternoons and the team was well supported by a strong and enthusiastic audience from various forms throughout the School. The tension at last seemed to reach our team on the day of the final when all rested on the one match. However, they soon got into their stride and led throughout but never by a comfortable margin. Pilgrim Upper did so well on their final seconds-away round, gaining the bonus of two points for completing their twenty questions inside 100 seconds, that they almost did enough to close the gap. One must feel sympathy for them having got so close - and the sporting way in which they accepted defeat, as their headmaster rang to congratulate us soon after the match.

The team members received their prizes during a special day at the B.B.C. centre and they must be congratulated for the manner in which they represented the School as well as for their success. The efforts of many others

/cont'd

TOP OF THE FORM 1985 (cont'd)

also deserve recognition. We have mentioned the importance of the reserves but we would also like to thank Mrs. Miller and the office for their help in organising the matches, Mr. Barnes, our caretaker, and his colleagues for their work, Mr. Reiley for helping to set practice questions in a local hostelry, and all the professionals from the B.B.C. for their organisation, and the personal concern they showed towards our team.

We have been very gratified too by some heartening messages of encouragement and congratulation, from such widely varied sources as Mars (who also awarded prizes to the team), the Chairman of the County Council, the County Transport Department (!), Mr. Doncaster, the former Head of Herschel House, the Editor of the "Slough Express", and the Headmaster and Staff of Grey Court School, Richmond, who followed our progress throughout the competition. We thank them all.

D.A.R. & A.M.

THE FORM AT THE TOP

We left a deserted Upton on a cold morning. We went early so that we could hopefully miss all the rush-hour traffic. Unfortunately, we didn't. We might as well have walked along the A40, and through London - we would have arrived more quickly. However we eventually reached London and the offices of the B.B.C.

Graham Frost, the producer of the quiz, was our guide. Within a few minutes of entering the building we were in a studio. It was an empty studio, and we were shown all the turntables and listened to a few jingles. Then we moved into the next studio where Simon Bates was 'on air'. He had a big pile of records on his desk.

We moved on to a coffee room where we first met David Bellamy. He talked about his far-off schooldays. We then moved outside and some photographs were taken of us and the cup. We all tried to look warm, despite the gale force wind that was blowing in our faces.

We then went up to another room, where the buffet lunch was served. We were presented with the cup and our book-tokens.

We moved straight on to Radio 2, where Tim Gudgeon was 'on air'. He was reading the two o'clock news.

Then we had a quick lesson on how things worked at the B.B.C. Sadly, two of us missed out on this information because on a television screen, we could see a future episode of 'Eastenders'.

We then quickly passed through a studio where a play was being recorded and up to the B.B.C. canteen at the top of the building where we drank some of the (in)famous B.B.C. tea. A bumpy ride in a B.B.C. lift straight afterwards made me feel a little bit ill. Then we bid Graham farewell and set off for home. It had been a good day out.

STEVEN ROWNTREE 3BR.

ROAD SAFETY

Team: M. Joglekar, B. Hothi, A. Kipping, R. Lewin, M. Turner.

This year, as usual, we entered the Slough Road Safety competition. After only two matches, we found to our delight we had won. The first round against St. Bernard's was a win for us of 113 to 96. When this information reached our destined Round 2 opponents, they declined to meet us - and we were pitched directly into the Final. This, at the Town Hall, in the presence of the late Mayor, was a tense contest against Langley Grammar. During this match both teams took the lead several times. Eventually, however, we won by 107 to 99. This is the seventeenth consecutive year the School and its predecessors have won the competition.

Since the Thames Valley Byron Trophy competition has been postponed until later in the year, as Slough area winners, we have been chosen to represent the Thames Valley Police in the CLEARWAY Grand Final against the Metropolitan area winners.

A.M.J.

CRIME PREVENTION 1985-6

There isn't really that much more to say about this year's crime prevention team. Five members of the Sixth Form were picked for their gullibility and ability to say nice things about the Police.

Sohale Bhatti, Lizzie Seetharaman, Bineet Aggarwal, Glazala Baig and myself formed the team. The first competition was at Slough Day Centre and three other teams took part, but the School won comfortably. Following this competition, the team was almost roasted alive by Mr. Rogers for not learning the book to a satisfactory (i.e. his) standard. The second competition was at the same place and followed the same format and also resulted in a win for the School (although by a narrower margin since Orchard School were convinced that they were better!, and were aided by Book Brandishing members of their staff, secretly and strategically positioned in the audience!) The third competition was the Slough and Maidenhead Final held at Maidenhead Town Hall with Johnny Ball acting as Quizmaster (O.K. Sohale, I'll mention that he stole your joke!) and he even stole a joke from one of our members. In characteristic fashion the team put on a deft demonstration of total ignorance but, at the last moment, when Orchard School thought they had clinched it, showed their fine prowess in getting the most out of the complete confusion resulting from the bonus system administered by Mr. Ball, winning by a very large margin. The next round at Langley College was the Area Final which the team won, again on the last round and were thus through to the Thames Valley Final, as champions of the Slough/Maidenhead, Bracknell and High Wycombe areas.

The Thames Valley Final was held in the grand surroundings of the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford on a rainy Sunday afternoon and six teams were in the Final. Our team marched on to the music of "Star Wars" and were introduced by a policeman, who thought he was God's gift to the comic world!

/cont'd

CRIME PREVENTION 1985-6 (cont'd)

The Final was once again hosted by Johnny Ball. In the Final the team tried the usual tactics of seeming ignorant only to blaze through on the last round, but alas! were unable to close the gap entirely and lost by one point despite gaining points at a faster rate than the other teams (although Mr. Ball's hearing was, of course, defective). Not really a bad achievement, coming second by one point out of the 300 or so teams which started!

To finish I would like to thank the rest of the team, Mr. Rogers and the supporters who are always welcome, as long as they don't actually turn up!

I'm retiring now from Quiz competitions, but before I go, a few words of experience collected over the years.

- 1) It is a guaranteed fact that all officials at quizzes are profoundly deaf.
- 2) It helps to learn what it is necessary to learn.
- 3) Farmers are not exempt from the law of the land.
- 4) The value of property stolen in the Thames Valley in 1983 was £7,994,713.

Goodbye.

R.D.S.

COMPUTER QUIZ 1986

The Computer Quiz team this year consisted of James Dixon, Jason Creak and a screaming protester who was dragged into the computer room shortly before half-term and locked in until he could lift up the pile of text books, sheets of paper, diagrams and print-outs that he was required to learn.

We won the first round decisively, but my navigation was not quite as decisive and yours truly only managed to arrive at Winnersh just in time. However, Mr. Nelson saved the day with his "incredibly safe really" driving.

The second round, the Berkshire Final, soon loomed up but then loomed away again due to a misunderstanding over dates. It eventually arrived however, and it was held at this school in the vaguely appropriate Textiles Room. Cups of tea and coffee were poured down the contestants dangerously quickly in the hope that this would stop their knees from rattling so much. We also won this round and each of us received the Prize for The Computer User Who Has Everything, yes you've guessed it, a portable cassette player.

We were now ready for Southampton and the Area Final, but we were not quite ready for Mr. Nelson's "incredibly adept" driving. As the M3 came into view, Jason "I'm always right, it's just that text books are wrong sometimes" Creak cheerfully asked if we were going on the motorway, and with an impish grin placed a comfortable blindfold over his eyes.

After the competition, in which we came second by three points, we got the biggest surprise of all because Barclays Bank had taken over from Commodore Computers as the sponsors. This meant that the School would not

/cont'd

COMPUTER QUIZ 1986 (cont'd)

receive computer equipment, but would instead receive what Barclays are famous for (namely, money - by way of a Lloyd's bank cheque!). The tradition so far of giving the losing team book tokens was altered at this round, and all we received were Barclays Bank keyrings and promotional leaflets.

So, if you want glittering prizes, instant fame, pleasurable company and "tremendously exciting" journeys, join the Computer Quiz Team next year!

MATTHEW PERRET 4HA.

THE LIBRARY

With the amalgamation well behind us the library is well in its stride and bulging at the seams with books on all topics. It is still expanding as new stock comes in each year - and, with the changes in the examination system, its importance will also be increasing. The County's Education Library Service has continued to provide excellent support and we rely heavily on them for up to date fiction and help with project work.

A record of the video and audio cassette stock is kept in the catalogue drawers and with a permanent base for the television the School's resources are improving. Shortage of space means that the audio cassettes are kept in the English stock cupboard but pupils are welcome to use them - just ask a librarian. Some thought is now being given to computerising the catalogues but the cost of this is likely to prove prohibitive for any early developments - but we may be appealing for the help of the computer buffs in the future.

I would like to thank the librarians for their work during the lunch-breaks, and the members of staff on duty - and, of course, Mrs. Whatling for her tireless efforts.

As always, my final appeal. If anyone is throwing books out, we would very much like to see them first - as book prices rise well above inflation they become an increasingly valuable asset.

Librarians:

Malti Dhatt, Anita Sharma, Randeep Nizzar,
Warjinder Bains, Jaswant Nainu, Kuljit Dhesi,
Zarka Liaqat, Kiran Mahhija.

A.M.

* * * * *

EXPEDITION TO HELLAS

4.45 a.m.! That was the unearthly time the gods had decreed for our group of 22 to set off from a chill and silent Lascelles Road in the blue and yellow Upton Chariots, on an epic quest for knowledge, enjoyment, suntans and cheap beer. Through the heavens with views of a snow capped Mount Olympus, home of the gods, to Athens by trundling Tri-star for our first Greek lunch - meatballs, salad and huge shiny apples. This we ate outdoors near the sea at a Glyfada taverna in brilliant sunshine. Off came the sweaters and coats! We were not to need them again until our return to an icy Gatwick a week later. Our flight had been uneventful, but the TWA bombing a few days previously had left some members of the party in a state of morbid anticipation and it was just as well for their peace of mind that the battered Boeing, a rough plastic sheet covering the gaping hole in its side, which we saw at Athens, had not been standing at Gatwick before our departure!

Our first stay was at Tolon, a peaceful, picturesque seaside town in the Peloponnese reached after a journey notable for the interminable series of scrapyards and ship repair docks lovingly detailed by our guide, Peter to the dramatic gash of the Corinth Canal and the beautiful coast road beyond. Our main meals were taken only feet from a gently lapping sea under the watchful eyes of a team of typically Greek scavenging cats. Then - a series of local trips, to Nauplion (the old capital) with the vast and rambling Venetian fortress of Palamidi perched on a high cliff above, the huge, well preserved and acoustically brilliant open air theatre at Epidaurus (you can hear a ball-point click even at the very back) where Andrew Watts sang before an appreciative multi-national crowd, breezy but brooding Mycenae and its impressive Bronze Age tombs where we followed the homecoming of Agamemnon through the Lion Gate and up the steep and twisting ramp to the palace where his Queen, Clytemnestra, waited to welcome him with a knife in the bath. One not so local trip took us on a 10 hour round tour to Ancient Olympia where, if you're one of the few who don't know, the original Olympic Games began 2500 years ago. Alas, our intended football match in the world's first stadium was foiled by a watchful guard but we all dutifully lined up for photographs on the starting line, marvelled at Praxiteles' masterpiece, Hermes and watched the lizards basking in the intense heat. The most striking feature of the journey was the mountainous terrain: even the main roads corkscrewed fantastically up and down precipitous slopes past the little shrines perched at every corner.

After 3 days we moved to Athens, arriving, typically, in the midst of a rather ugly national strike! The highlight here was without doubt the Parthenon, the ruined temple to the Virgin Athene, goddess of Wisdom, atop the Acropolis. We spent the best part of a morning there, totally awed by our surroundings despite the incongruous crane sitting in the middle of the building, and one night found us on the Pnyx, the Assembly of the Ancient Greeks, to see the Son et Lumiere presentation. Few will forget the Acropolis bathed in a striking red glow. The night before we had looked down from Mount Likavittos on the whole of Athens lit up after a memorable journey with the World's Most Dynamic Train Driver and using a fleet of six taxis - a terrifying experience! One driver merely scraped the whole side of a Mercedes without being in the least concerned! We made one long pilgrimage with a new guide, Kika ("Let's go!"), to the mysterious centre of the earth, Delphi,

/cont'd

EXPEDITION TO HELLAS (cont'd)

mountain site of the most prestigious oracle in the whole of the Ancient World where we duly drank of the Castalian Spring and hoped for poetic inspiration. We shan't forget quickly the dancing in the coach returning to Athens - and just what did happen to Andrew's flip-flops then? Our last evening found us in a Taverna in the lively Plaka district experiencing some Greek song and dance. Despite a packed programme we still found time to relax in the little disco-bar next to the hotel, sunbathe, go shopping and eat gallons of ice cream and chocolate.

We learned much about the genuine friendliness and kindness of the Greeks - the trio of Joanne, Leasa and Sarah taking, with particular enthusiasm, to the task of improving Anglo-Greek relations - and the Greeks learned much about us. We asked our guide how she had felt when she knew she was to be with us for a day; 'Terrified!' she replied. Our memories are innumerable - the cult of Darius Alexander Omnipresent Monarch of the East (Mr. Rogers) and All Knowing Mother Nature (Mrs. Orchard) flourished, with slaves prostrating themselves at all the most embarrassing moments, the hand-jive, the wall of boys, the Evzone hats, a duel over Marianne, the Greek waiter who, after watching our slickly rehearsed Zorba's Dance one night in Syntagma Square, turned and said, 'You know, you're really lousy!' He was Australian!

By 11th April we were a very exhausted party, but were still unwilling to return to England (where, we heard, snow was falling) from our daily temperatures of over 75°F (and often over 85°F) and most of us were very sorry to leave.

Finally some sincere thanks - first to all the group members for their excellent company which made the tour especially enjoyable and second to Mrs. Orchard and Mr. Rogers for arranging and leading the holiday of a lifetime.

M.A.B.; H.J.; D.A.R.

P.S. We were not disappointed by the local price of beer!





The tight construction of "Hay Fever" shows the stage-craft of a grand-master and indeed the play unfolds like a game of chess between the aggressive Blissés and the defensive guests who eventually beat a hasty retreat. The Blissés seem at first to be allergic to each other, thriving on the conflicts they deliberately raise within the family. The guests provide new targets for them and we eventually see the truth of Sorel's words that the Blissés are all the same. Their posturing antics are all part of a game; the guests never learn the rules but finally have the sense to see that such pretentious people have no need of outsiders who only become cannon-fodder for their private war.

The piano music, the ornate sets and the costumes provided the period detail for a light, witty comedy. The actors and actresses have either to be outrageously flamboyant or cringingly pathetic, parts demanding different skills but equal concentration. Only the Daily, a splendidly slovenly performance from Karen Blackford, can treat both sets of characters with equal disdain. Nisha Sharma was beautifully theatrical in the leading role of the actress who was never out of character and Kris Simpson as Sorel competed aggressively for the honour of top cat in the family. The male Blissés relied more on acerbic wit from the urbane Asad Baig as the patriarch, and the studied gestures of Simon, a smooth performance from Jose Blanco, whether playing his own hand in the family game or supporting the mother's tragic roles.

The guests provided the necessarily dull support, while remaining individual. Graham Lamkin made regular apologies as the gauche Sandy and Andrew Flannery remained timidly diplomatic. The brusque character of Myra, played by Clare Medlow, contrasted with the lonely figure of the tearful Jackie, performed by Mandy Taylor. In the end the audience applauded their decision to sound a retreat from such an horrendous household.

The limitations of space were overcome to allow for the shifting relationships and the lavish foliage enclosed the play's title. Occasionally the lines slipped (well, even Brigitte Bardot, in her only stage play, once skipped a whole act) but they were delivered energetically throughout, revealing the irony of the whole situation. The most appealing and outspoken characters were also the most selfish and worthless - as one of the Bliss family commented: "We never mean anything we say."

A.M.

THE INTERVIEW

It was a cold dark Wednesday morning. The rain was pounding hard on the station roof, and to make matters worse the train was late. I was already on a tight schedule, but now I would be late, for the interview was in an hour's time.

Finally the train arrived, and my journey to my first interview had begun. Throughout the train journey, I wondered what the interviewer would ask me, did I have the right replies? Over and over in my mind I began asking and answering my own questions. Vivid pictures began to flash through my mind of how my friends had said their interviews had gone, and of television programmes where the interviewee was summoned into a large darkened room and bombarded by questions from two old grey-haired lecturers.

"Why, boy! Do you want to come here?" was the question that kept on coming to mind, and no matter how hard I tried, only the same feeble answer emerged from my mouth.

Fifteen minutes to go and I was still on the train; I was going to be late. Quarter past one! I was late by fifteen minutes. What would I say to explain the delay? Not the usual excuse the train was late, was for sure. I was standing outside the big building, wondering how on earth I was going to find Room 101, when a secretary came up to me and said "Irwindjit Suri?"

"Yes", was my reply.

"Follow me," she said and I was lead through a long winding corridor, which eventually lead to a large oak door. I was told to enter. This was it, my moment of truth. On entering I found myself staring at eleven other students, all waiting for the same interview. Suddenly the large oak doors opened.

"Mr. Suri? Come in please," said a deep and husky voice. Would my worst thoughts come true? I was about to find out . . .

IRVINDJIT SURI. 62G.

APOLOGIES TO MR. CARROLL

He thought he saw a chimpanzee,
Reading "War and Peace".
He looked again and found it was
His auntie's favourite niece.
"If you should carry on," he said
"I'll throw you in some grease."

He thought he saw a marmoset,
Eat a slice of meat,
He looked again and found it was
His father's smelly feet.
"You'd better wash them soon," he said
"They don't smell very sweet".

He thought he saw a wallaby,
Eating red hot chips,
He looked again and found it was
A fleet of battle ships.
"If they should fire their guns,"
he said,
"I'll do some double flips."

ALI JEANGIR 2HA.

FLIGHT INTO DANGER

The pilot took his seat at the control console and flicked a switch, allowing him to speak to the passengers, via a loudspeaker.

"Hello, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you enjoy your flight on the Boeing 737 to Munich, Germany" he said, "We shall be taking off in about five minutes and should arrive in Munich at about 7.30 p.m. local time. The stewardess in your area will show you the positions of the emergency exits and how to use the safety equipment. Have a good flight!"

With that he sat back for a moment, then prepared himself for take-off; his co-pilot would be there of course, but he would do most of the flying. Once prepared he began to taxi to the runway, checking on the way with air traffic control that everything was all right. This done he started along the runway, accelerating till he had enough speed to take off, which was done with no problems.

Whilst cruising towards Germany he told the passengers about the countries they were over, as he had done many times before. Whilst over Belgium he glanced at the fuel gauge - it was three-quarters empty! He immediately called the nearest airport to see if he could land there - he was told that he could, but he should be prepared for strong winds. He immediately gave orders to his co-pilot to change course whilst he worked out how much fuel they would have left. He was certain that there was not a leak, but the plane had not been filled properly. He worked out that he would have forty miles worth of fuel left when they reached the airport, not enough to reach another one.

The plane soon reached the airport, and the pilot resumed the controls. He circled once, and having got the 'all clear' from control, he began his descent. The winds buffeted the plane to and fro, but he managed to keep a reasonably straight line.

The plane was about three hundred metres from the runway when the pilot noticed another plane above, on the same landing line as him. He tried to radio it, but he couldn't make contact, so he decided he would have to abort the landing, but as the other plane was directly above him he couldn't just 'pull up'.

He decided he would have to steer to the right, then rise, but there was only a small space to manoeuvre in - if he went too far right he would crash, but if he didn't try the manoeuvre both planes would crash. Now decided, he began the turn right then started rising - the other plane had landed safely. When he was in the correct position to attempt landing again he had run out of fuel - he would now have to attempt a 'gliding landing' and glide in.

The winds had risen, and the pilot had to fight with the controls to keep the plane in line. Every gust blew the plane from its goal. He had lined the plane up perfectly when a sudden gust blew him left of the runway, out of control

The pilot screamed as the plane lurched, then he fainted. The view disappeared into blackness, and the plane became level again. A door opened and four men walked in, two of them carrying a stretcher, on which they removed the pilot. When they had gone the two remaining men spoke.

/cont'd

FLIGHT INTO DANGER (cont'd)

"Maybe we shouldn't make the simulator so realistic, but I'm suprised he fainted."

"Yes" replied the other man, "He was a good pilot too. I can't see him flying much now though."

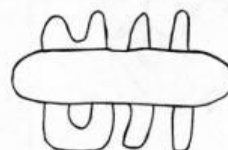
SIMON READER 2M.

* * * * *

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT

I was bored. At this time every Friday I became bored. In English we were reading a book that I had read five times. I could write out a detailed version of the story, so it was boring hearing it for the sixth time. I started doodling over my rough book. The more I doodled the fainter the voice of the reader became, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke I found myself lying amongst a pile of leaves, wearing short trousers and a funny blazer.



On the lapel of the blazer was a queer sign. It could have been a family crest. The more I thought about it, the more familiar it looked. It then struck me as being one of my doodles.

I decided to get up and look around. It might provide some clues as to who I was, and where I was. I walked and walked until I came to a lovely little cottage. I was tired and needed a rest, but I didn't know whether the occupant of the cottage was good or evil. In the end my weariness got the better of me, and, besides, the house looked inviting from the outside. Surely if the person inside was evil, the house would be evil too.

I knocked and waited. I heard footsteps coming to the door, and then the creak as it opened. The sight I saw next nearly made me turn and run, for there in the doorway stood a dragon. I say 'nearly' for when he saw me standing there quivering he smiled, restoring my confidence, and asked me in.

The cottage was even lovelier on the inside than it looked from the outside. There were vases scattered around the room containing fresh flowers, pictures adorning all the walls, colourful cushions scattered here and there, even tea was laid out on a pretty tablecloth. Whilst we ate, we talked. He told me about how long, long, long ago his ancestors had turned vegetarian when the meat had run out, which is how he had picked up the English language by hiding behind bushes and listening to people's conversations. I told him about school, and how I hadn't realised dragons existed any more. He really was a most educated dragon.

/cont'd



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT (cont'd)

At last I realised how late it must be, thanked him most kindly for his hospitality, and left. I walked on and on and on, trying to find my way home, but I was getting tired and tired and it was getting darker and darker. I was too tired to go any further and collapsed into a deep sleep, into a pile of leaves.

I woke up just as I heard the English teacher say "Class, read to page fifty for homework, you may go."

"Elizabeth," I attracted my friend's attention by tapping her on the shoulder. "What happened? Where are we up to?" I asked.

"I don't know, I wasn't really listening," came the reply. "I think the boy got lost in the forest and chanced to come across a friendly dragon's house, where he stayed for a cup of tea and a chat."

It wasn't until I was in bed that night that it really dawned on me what had happened. Once I had doodled the boy's family crest there had been a link between us. That link had resulted in me being turned into him for a few hours, and visiting the friendliest of dragons.

JANE BROWN 38.



THE LONELY ROAD

A funny gargle in the middle of the road,
I went to investigate, 'It was a toad'.
There were faint footsteps and the odd bark,
I could hear them between the cries of a lark;
Up the road the footsteps were nearer,
I now could see him very much clearer.
He was a man all dressed in black
He was wearing a hat and a "Greenfields mac"
Also a dog trotted by his side,
Then it yelped and barked and suddenly died!
The man ran down the road as if his shoes were on fire,
I tried to run after him, but soon did I tire.
I turned on my torch and it started to flash,
Then I saw the dog move - I was there in a dash!
I picked it up. It yelped on my shoulder,
I then walked home quickly and feeling much bolder.

MICHAEL HARTLEY 2HE.



THE LOCKED DOOR

Light trickled through from under the ominous, sinister wooden door, standing firm as though a sentinel, guarding what lay beyond against all prying eyes and minds, as if instructed to do so by her. His small innocent mind tried to find a crack in its tough exterior, to catch a glimpse of what lay behind it. He imagined a lavishly furnished room colourful tapestries hung from its walls - John would stand there for a long time, or so it seemed to his always active self, pondering what lay inside the 'forbidden room'. He did so now, busily wrapping his fair hair around his stubby little finger, as he tried to stretch himself to the level of the key-hole, hoping to discover his dream to be realities.

It was then that 'she' came. The slender, young form of Aunt Jane climbed up the stairs in a slow, dignified manner. She lowered her eyes so as to examine the small, trembling creature who stood beneath her. He turned his eyes up to meet hers, slowly as if expecting to receive a blow. Instead she boomed - "Go back to your room! You must not - " She stopped, realising that if she ordered him not to stand outside the door, it would incite him to do exactly that thing. John obeyed, without question, as was expected of him. He passed the form of Peter, his little brother, who watched him pitifully for a few moments and then followed suit.

John sat on the edge of his bed, thinking. He decided that he would try to get in and end his torment. Later on that day his small form crept up to his Aunt's room. He tip-toed past her bed, where she lay asleep, and took the key from her bedside table. Afterwards he tried to reach the key-hole. He eventually succeeded, and he eased the key into position.

* * * *

One turn opened the lock; he had learnt this procedure by watching his Aunt do so each morning, before she slipped inside. He heaved the door open and entered. In the far end of the room lay a heavy oaken desk, behind which stood an elaborate, padded chair. As he gazed at the various books in the Victorian-style bookcase, he heard a creak behind him; he turned and his heart dropped.

"Get out of here, at once!" she screamed. As he scurried out of the room, she slapped him firmly on the head.

When he had gone she slumped down onto the chair. She took the picture which lay on the desk's surface. Tears rolled down her cheeks as the picture of her husband brought happy memories flooding back. She did hate the world so! The one thing which had given her pleasure had been snatched away from her, and with it her happiness. She then heard the steady sobbing of the boy, as he wept in his room. Her throat was run dry by the guilt of having vented her frustration on the little orphan. As her tears increased in number and frequency she felt a small hand on her back. She turned to see the pudgy features of Peter, as he tried to console her as well as any five-year-old could. She slowly put down the picture and held the child. She had in effect let go of the past and had taken hold of the future. She then got up and they went hand-in-hand to John. Tears of joy were now heard.

That night she tucked both boys into bed, and read them a story; the first act of kindness shown to them after losing their parents. Soon they

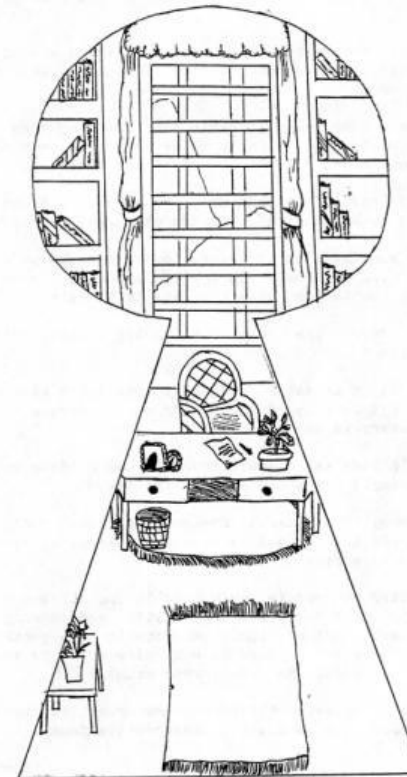
/cont'd

THE LOCKED DOOR (cont'd)

finally closed their eyes, and the rising and falling of their chests were the only signs of motion. On leaving she gazed back at them; a smile crept onto her lips

. . . . Happiness now flooded their lives, happiness which had been absent too long.

WAJID HAMID SHA.



THE WAITING ROOM

I walked in with Berty at my side, pushing apart the fire doors. I glanced around the room; the receptionist's desk was next to the far wall. I walked towards it, taking Berty in my arms. I broke the silence, "Excuse me, I'm here to get Berty my cat checked over."

"Your name, sir," the receptionist squeaked.

She was a middle-aged woman, not too old, not too young and certainly not bad looking. She had the air of a perfectionist about her.

"Mark Stockton, Miss."

"Yes, take a seat, you're a little early." She continued to stamp and sign documents.

I took a seat in a corner of the room, from where I could survey the rest of the occupants. Berty huddled down between my feet, gazing suspiciously around the room.

The seats were unusually comfortable for a waiting room, being padded by cushions. The walls, a clinically white colour, were patchworked with posters warning about strange, exotic, infectious diseases.

Also waiting in the room were four other people, old and young, all bringing their pets to be examined, treated or cured.

Occupying the seat next to the receptionist's desk was an old, withered lady wearing frail gold glasses. On her lap she held a bird cage in which lay a yellow canary, motionless with its legs in the air.

"There, there, dear," she would occasionally twitter, "the doctor will make you better again."

In the seat next to me sat a young girl, wearing a blue bib and brace with a fairly long python wrapped around her neck, hissing and every-so-often eyeing the canary in the cage.

Next to the old lady sat a small freckled boy holding onto a short lead connected to a seemingly quiet and docile Alsatian.

Opposite the boy, sat a smartly dressed gentleman, middle-aged, wearing a black suit. In his hand he had an expandable lead, attached to a red studded collar, around a neck of a poodle.

Every few minutes the poodle would scuttle and skate across the highly polished floor, yapping at Berty and the alsatian and showing its small sharp teeth. This had the effect of highly embarrassing the gentleman who would try and explain. "It's not my dog, it's my wife's!" He would then smile feverishly, trying to forget that the terror existed.

I noticed that after every thirty seconds or so, the receptionist would glance around the room with an uneasy, apprehensive face.

/cont'd

THE WAITING ROOM (cont'd)

Berty was now getting annoyed at the poodle's constant yapping. He arched his back and with his bristling fur standing on end he began to fan his tail slowly, hissing and spitting at both dogs. He took off across the room aimed at the poodle, only to skid erratically and end up as a messy ball of fur against the far wall.

At this signal, the python launched itself across the room towards the canary, only to be yanked back by the tail, by the girl. The old lady fainted. The boy was flabbergasted and sat there gawping, almost in tears.

The alsatian gave a sudden lurch and, pulling the boy behind him, lumbered slowly but surely towards the gentleman, who was shouting, ordering his poodle to shut up.

Over the noise, I heard the high pitched shout of the receptionist. I turned to see her white face gasping for air.

She announced "Stockton, Mark Stockton, the vet will see you now. Oh and the rest of you, try not to make a mess of the room while you wait."

I walked over to Berty, peeled him off the wall and carried him through the white door, throwing a final glance over my shoulder.

* * * *

The man was standing on my corner chair trying to fend off the alsatian (still dragging the boy behind him) with another chair. The python had developed a small bulge just behind its head. The old lady was now sniffing smelling salts, in her lap still lay the bird cage, now open and very empty.

BHUPINDER BASRA SHA.



THE RELUCTANT WITNESS

As I drove into the car park, I was surprised to see there were very few cars parked there, surprising because it was near the town centre, notorious for its appalling parking facilities.

"Drive over there please, Eamonn" said my driving instructor, waving a finger vaguely in the direction of the back of the car park. I followed his instructions and parked the car.

"Well, how did I do today?" I questioned, expecting the same repetitive answer of 'adequate', which left a lot to the imagination; but instead of this, Mr. Gallagher replied "Very good - I think you're ready to take your test now".

A warm glow of satisfaction came over me, as I went to start the car. Then I noticed a street lamp flickering on and off outside the social club, and standing directly below it was a man and woman. The man was short, slightly overweight and heavily tattooed on one arm. The woman was not very well dressed, with very little obvious awareness of colour co-ordination. The man was gesticulating towards the car, dotted with patches of rust, obviously telling her to get in. However, she staunchly refused and as a result she was persuaded by a punch in the face.

"You beast! Ted, what d'ya do that for? There's no way I'm getting in that car now!"

Mr. Gallagher and I stared out of the window in amazement at what we had just witnessed.

"Shall we call the police" I enquired, "just in case he gets more violent?"

"Oh! I don't know about that Eamonn. What if he gets violent with us? I don't like to meddle with people's private lives, but I do see your point."

There was a lengthy pause while we watched in amazement as the man kicked the lady in the stomach and screamed, "Get in that damned car, or you'll have more than a black eye to show to your friends!"

I thought that was enough justification to call the police, so I jumped out of the car and ran to the nearest phone.

"Which service do you require, please?" enquired the solemn voice in the receiver.

"Police, and quick."

I gave her the address and she said that a car would be there in five minutes. Five minutes! - that was more than enough time to beat someone senseless.

I ran back to the car and got in. I looked over towards the couple,

/cont'd

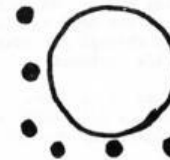
THE RELUCTANT WITNESS (cont'd)

but saw no one. I looked at Mr. Gallagher who was staring at something beyond anyone's vision.

"He didn't have to shoot her, for God's sake."

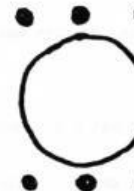
The lamp flickered hypnotically in the furthest corner of the car park.

EAMONN DOODY 62HE.



TORTURE

The desks creak,
The pens squeak;
Exams go on for hours.
My head's numb, -
My poor - erm, bottom;
I'll go on doodling flowers.



My mind squirms,
"Define terms"
"Explain how plastic's lacquered."
I once knew;
I'm all through -
I'm absolutely knackered!



I'm past care;
Don't know where
I fouled it up and blew it!
The day's done,
And they've won;
They said I'd never do it.

ANON.

STOPPED BY FEAR

Time had slowed to a nauseating crawl as he stood at the entrance to the supermarket. The street lamp on the corner caused his shadow to be elongated down the path. This frightened him so he edged back into the darkened corner, so that he could not be seen. It was getting late and it seemed as if he had been there for hours. The harsh wind on his rough, unshaven face forced him to turn up his collar and plunge his worn hands into his trouser pockets. His eyes darted everywhere, his ears alerted for the smallest sound that would tell him they were coming. Nothing.

The street was deserted. As rain began to fall he wondered whether they would show. He pulled his hand from his pocket and strained his eyes to see the time.

"They should be here any minute," he murmured.

A few minutes later the silence was broken by the sound of footsteps and muffled voices: it was just a young couple walking home. He pulled out a half empty packet of cigarettes and tapped one on the back of his hand. As he struck a match, the noise seemed to echo through the streets and the flame acted as a spotlight penetrating the eerie darkness.

Within minutes, he heard more footsteps. This had to be them. His heart began to thud so much harder and quicker against his ribs that it almost hurt. He took one last, long draw from his cigarette, dropped it on the floor and slowly extinguished it with his foot.

Two men in long overcoats with upturned collars walked up to him and nodded in acknowledgement. He fell into step behind them and they walked down the damp street in silence.

They soon came to a garage where they met another, younger man sitting on the bonnet of a darkly-coloured, well-kept car.

"Ready?"

The two men nodded and he swiftly rolled off the car and jumped in. The rest joined him.

They drove in silence, each of them knowing what to do. They had rehearsed it so many times that nothing could go wrong - or so they thought.

As they approached their destination, the driver turned off the lights and cruised slowly down the deserted back streets, then came to a stand-still where he turned off the engine. The blackness of the night engulfed everything like a blanket but they knew exactly where to go.

The three men got out of the car and walked quickly and rhythmically. Everywhere was deserted and so far all was going according to plan. While John stood on the corner of the street keeping watch, the two other men continued with what they had to do. He lit another cigarette and watched the streets with his eagle-like eyes.

Suddenly everything went wrong. Sirens sounded and millions of lights blinded him as he dropped his cigarette in shock. Everything happened so quickly that it was all a blur. John and his two friends were bundled into a car and driven away by two uniformed policemen.

/cont'd

STOPPED BY FEAR (cont'd)

He woke up in a cold sweat.

"Are you all right love?" questioned his wife Julie.

"Eh? - oh - er yes - fine."

For the rest of the day, his dream went round and round in his head. Was it a warning? A premonition?

That night when he arrived home from work, Julie noticed that he was on edge. He seemed more restless than usual. She didn't say anything though, she just put it down to a bad day at work and continued to cook dinner. While she was busy in the kitchen, he smoked several cigarettes in succession not realising how many he had got through until he reached the end of the packet. This made him even more irritable. He could not handle it any longer. He had to back out. He phoned them later that night and said he was sick and that they'd have to find someone else.

A feeling of relief and relaxation came over him and he felt much better. He felt free.

For the next week life went on as usual. Although they struggled for money, they managed to survive and save a small amount from Julie's part-time job every week.

The following Thursday he arrived home from work as usual to a dinner that Julie had cooked him. That night they had their dinner with the television switched on. John dropped everything and a tremendous feeling of anger and stupidity overcame him as the newsreader told them the main events of the day.

TWO MILLION POUNDS

"Last night, a gang of four thieves raided a bank on the outskirts of London and are reported to have fled the country with gold, jewellery and cash worth two million pounds."

DEBBIE LEE 62HE.

GRANMA'S SISTER

It was another cold winter's day. As the ice cold north wind blew, the snowflakes slowly drifted to the ground to form a white carpet. The fire burnt fiercely as more logs were put on and it almost looked as if there were small people dancing around in it as Kelly's imagination took over as she was looking into the fire.

She was a pretty, blonde-haired fifteen year old. She was staying at her great-grandma's house for the night. Kelly loved it at her house, because she always had a tale to tell Kelly. They were mainly about the big mansion she used to live in when she was Kelly's age. That night she had an extra special tale to tell her.

"Kelly! You remind me of myself when I was your age - lying on my tummy dreaming!"

"Does this mean you have got another story to tell me, granny?"

"Yes, my dear! You will find this one very interesting."

As Kelly sat up next to her grandma, she began.

"Remember I was telling you about the many rooms that used to be in the mansion? Well, there was one room that no-one was allowed in. My mother and father were the only ones who knew what was in it. The door was kept locked night and day. We all used to call it the locked door room as it was a total mystery to us. I sometimes asked my mother what was behind the door but she wouldn't tell me. At night I lay in bed and imagined what could be in the room. "Maybe it is full of toys and pretty dresses for me!" I'd get a picture in my mind of a big white doll's house standing in the corner of the room, a grey rocking horse in the middle and toy dolls in a big trunk. I also imagined the room having gold lace curtains with brightly coloured tapestries hanging from the walls. I then pictured lords and ladies dancing together around this room, the ladies wearing long dresses with sparkling jewels round their necks. I wondered if I would ever find out.

Four years later when I was nineteen, my mother told me that I was now allowed to see what was behind the door. I remember being even more excited than when I was fifteen. We walked up the great stairs and down the long corridor. The room was at the end, on the left. She slipped the big silver key into the lock and turned it. She pushed the door open and it creaked as it hadn't been opened for some time. I walked in and saw a tiny little bedroom with pretty pink lace curtains. Lined up against the window sill were china dolls, hundreds of them, all over the floor and piled up on top of the wardrobe. "Mother!" I said, "Who did these all belong to?"

"These were your older sister's."

"But I haven't got an older sister!"

"You did have, but she died when you were three."

Kelly saw a tear fall down her great-grandma's right cheek.

/cont'd

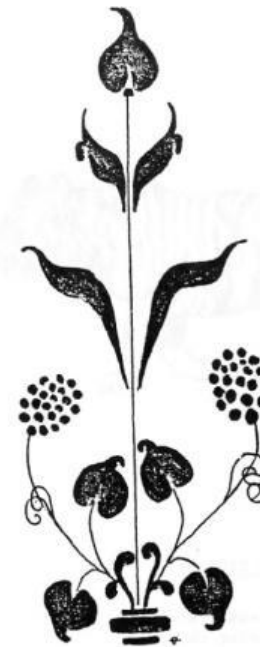
GRANDMA'S SISTER (cont'd)

"Oh granny! I am sorry. You shouldn't have told me if it upset you."

"I'm alright, my dear. So in the end I did find out what was in the locked room and a lot more."

Kelly turned round and put another log on the fire and gave her granny a big hug. "Thank you for telling me" she said softly.

SAMANTHA KIPPING 5G.



POOR SOUL

*A wave of pity covered me,
As she shuffled down the street,
A picture of despair,
Aided by a gnarled walking stick
Gripped by pale bony talons.
Her face is a history book,
Hidden by a wild mop of wiry hair;
Her eyes like pools of lost memories,
Glistening with knowledge.
She comes closer
And reeks of drink.
A bottle of whisky is clutched in worn hands.
Her dress is now a pile of shabby rags,
Held around her fragile skeleton.
Shawl and scarf both tattered and torn
And shoes are pumps with many holes.
Wrinkles on her face,
Crack and grow
As a tear rolls onto her burdened shoulder.*

SEETA SEETHARAMAN 2M.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man,
who lives around my house,
who always does the mischief,
and is as quiet as a mouse.

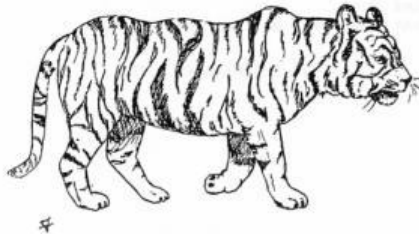
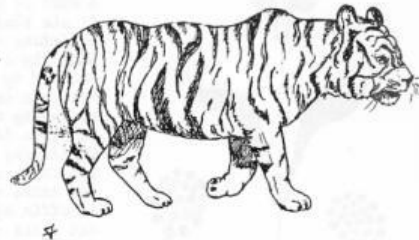
I've never ever seen his face,
and yet we all agree,
that every plate I drop or break,
was done by Mr. Nobody.

It's always he who tears my books,
who leaves the door ajar,
who leaves the light on in my room,
who me? no Mr. Nobody.

My dad has always wondered,
who drinks up all his gin,
of course it wasn't me
and my brother said it wasn't him.

So poor old Mr. Nobody,
is blamed again once more,
for drinking gin,
oh what a sin,
it's never me,
it's always him.

ALEXANDRA MUSSON 2M.



THE TIGER

Silently stalking,
Nearing the prey,
Eyes are alight,
Muscles are tensed,
Ready to pounce,
Distance judged,
The SPRING!

THE RESCUE

The sky was grey and cloudy
Steel-cold was the sea;
Sea gulls cried with sorrow,
And circled high and free.

Light shone on horizon,
And twenty men or more,
Dragged boats down stony beaches,
An' boarded them on the shore.

Their ships named "Queen Matilda"
and "Gull of Port-e-bee"
Reared up high like horses,
On great waves of the sea.

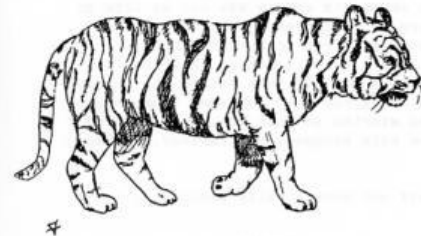
Large wood kegs a-bobbing,
And rope and chests an' books,
But they rescued not one single soul
However much they looked.

TOBY PARLOUR 2G



Terror in prey's eyes,
Fate has come,
Death has arrived,
Blood on the claws,
Of the fearsome feline,
With the silent stalk,
The deadly pounce,
The TIGER!

SIMON READER 2M.



THE HITCHHIKER

Joanne Myers settled herself back in the driving seat of the Fiat. It was going to be a long drive, before she reached Fort Worth. Her eyes were beginning to get tired and she found it increasingly hard to stay awake. She decided to turn the radio on and find a pop music station to listen to, while she drove. As the music filled the car, she began tapping gently on the steering wheel and humming to herself.

After fifteen minutes or so, the news came on. The newsreader announced that earlier that day a murderer had escaped from a police van, while being moved to a more secure prison. Joanne did not take much notice of this announcement, but waited for the news to finish, so that she could get back to listening to the music.

It was getting dark now and it began to rain. Joanne switched on the headlights and the windscreen wipers, and slowed the car down. She turned into a seemingly deserted country road and began to slow down even more.

She had scarcely been on this road for five minutes, when she spotted a solitary figure, huddled under a tree to escape the heavy downpour of rain. As the man saw the car approaching, he ran to the side of the road and held his thumb out to indicate that he wanted a lift.

Joanne turned the radio off and stopped the car to let the man get in. He hurried in, throwing a small rucksack onto the back seat. He told Joanne that his name was Richard and that he was going to Fort Worth. He was unshaven and his clothes hung on him, giving the impression that they did not belong to him at all, but were meant for someone much bigger. He had a youthful-looking face, and Joanne was sure that he could not be more than about twenty years old.

They drove in silence for a short while, before Joanne decided to put the radio back on. She was still feeling tired and the young man did not seem to want to talk. She stretched out her left arm to put the radio on, but the young man gripped it with just enough force to indicate to her that he did not want her to.

"Let's talk instead!" he said, smiling gently at her.

She freed her arm from his grasp and positioned her hand back on the steering wheel, all the time not taking her eyes off the road in front. She paused for a few minutes, then she asked him why he was out so late in the pouring rain and miles from anywhere. He answered that he had been hitchhiking all that day, because he wanted to get to Fort Worth before the next morning, which was Christmas Eve. He told Joanne that the last person who had given him a lift had dropped him off just before the turning into the country road. He had walked along the road for some time, hoping for a car to come past, and when it had started to rain, he decided to wait under the shelter of the tree until the rain stopped, but instead, it began to get heavier.

They carried on talking in this way and occasionally exchanging jokes

/cont'd

THE HITCHHIKER (cont'd)

until Joanne turned into an all night petrol station, so that she could fill up the petrol tank. While she was doing this, Richard wandered into the nearby shop and bought an evening newspaper. As Joanne resumed driving, Richard began to read the paper. On page two the headline ran: 'Murderer escapes while being moved to new prison'.

Underneath this headline was a picture of the escaped murderer. Richard quickly folded the newspaper and stuffed it underneath him. He hoped that Joanne had not seen the picture, but as she was calmly driving on, he was almost certain that she had not.

For the rest of the journey, they both sat in silence. As they neared Fort Worth, Joanne slowed the car down to let Richard get out. He opened the car door and turned to say 'Goodbye' to Joanne. As he did so, she plunged a dagger into his chest and repeated the action until her arm began to ache. Blood spurted out of his mouth, but his eyes remained fixed on Joanne. As she pushed him out of the car, onto the wet ground, the newspaper which he had been concealing under him, fell open on page two. Joanne saw her picture staring up at her from the page - the escaped murderer. She closed the car door and drove on, leaving the dead body, lying in the road.

DAVID LAKE 62G.

THE GHOSTLY GRAVEYARD

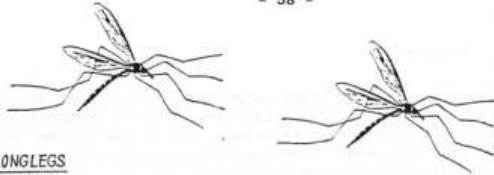
With the screech and howl of the night-watch owl
The ghosts come creeping from their graves foul;
Their decayed skins,
Skeleton grins, and
Eyes sunken in
Portray a time long been
That no one will ever see again.

With knocking of wood comes peg-leg
Pete,
His pirate crew he goes to meet;
All of them villains every one
Though out of all their treasure
they have touched none.

From the age of the Vikings there's still old Wulf
And many a seaward village did he engulf;
With broad sword "blood Biter"
He is a dangerous fighter -
He seeks his Valhalla
But here he shall stay for now and for ever.

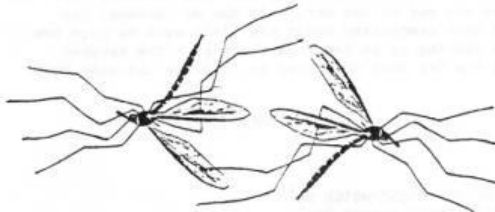
Here's the Graveyard Guardian with cowed, hid face,
With all form and features lost in that one dark space.
All come has she from a timeless place,
To her belong no body nor bones,
And her only friends are the graves and stones
And her only song the low wind's moan.

STEPHEN BETTS 2G.



DADDY-LONGLEGS

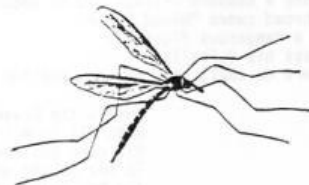
Its original name is Crane-Fly, though it has adopted a rather funny name, which is 'Daddy-longlegs'. It has adopted this rather peculiar name, because of its rather feeble looking and very long thin legs. Its legs are so thin that I would think it would become disabled rather quickly, for its legs are so brittle and also so easy to pull off. Often Daddy-longlegs are vulnerable to little children, who seem to find it very amusing pulling legs off, one by one. This insect also has a pair of wings and a very narrow body. Its structure is most like other insects although it has rather large legs.



A regular place where I see many Daddy-longlegs is on the garage door. You can see one in almost every corner of the garage door, as though it was a common meeting place! Then we have to go and spoil it for them all by opening the

garage door, so we are able to park the car. When we go and pull the door up, the Daddy-longlegs just sit there as though refusing to budge, or as if they were stuck. After seeing the Daddy-longlegs still sitting there, we refuse to give up and say that the car goes first. But after you have opened the door fully and realise that the Daddy-longlegs hasn't come out, you just pull the door down to find the Daddy-longlegs just crouched there, clutching onto the garage door, as if something large, like a giant, was just about to attack it. It seems to be rather numb and has very slow reflexes. Also after seeing you again it just flies away when you want to examine it closely ...

I suppose the Daddy-longlegs feeds on smaller insects and bacteria. One of the common deaths of the Daddy-longlegs is being shut up between double glazing. They die of lack of oxygen and food. At first when the Daddy-longlegs realises it has been trapped in the glazing it begins to scamper about the window as if saying "let me out!" After so much exhaustion and frustration it begins to weaken; also it becomes calm and then seems to go in a deep sleep. There's also the other common death which I mentioned early on in the story, which was when children get their hands on them!!



ANIT MEHTA. 2HE.



EARLY MORNING

The shelves were packed and stocked to the top,
Apples, potatoes and cans of beans.
No noise from the till or the ticket machines.
Look at the fresh meats behind the counter!
Lamb, beef, pork and ham, and on the back shelf,
A tin of spam.
The manager comes smiling,
A chubby old fellow.
His eyes are blue, and his hair is fair,
He strolls about here and there.
Six o'clock, tick tock, tick, tock.
Seven o'clock, tick tock, tick, tock,
Time to open and sell the stock!

ROSS MUIR 2HE.

NO WORDS CAME OUT

A murmur of snoring could be heard,
Like a cat purring contentedly.
I brushed against a coarse piece of furniture,
A glimpse of crimson caught my eye;
Her pale face complemented her crimson dress.
She slowly leaned towards me,
Awake now, her hand touched mine;
It was firm, yet soft and calm.
I wondered, would she speak?
No words came out.
She just nodded, and lay back, asleep.

MARIE BAILLY 2HE.



PAWS

Our family has four cats. Three males - Barnaby, Bruce and Springsteen, and one female - Muffin. Barnaby has black and white colouring and where the patches are placed, it looks as if he is wearing a smart dinner-jacket. His breast and underside is all white, while his upper half is jet black. On his paws it looks as if he's wearing 'spats', because they are white. Barnaby's face is white but on and under his nose is a black smudge. The nearby kennels have nicknamed him Hitler, when he teases the dogs by sitting just out of reach on a wall. His splendid appearance is finished off with two of the most beautiful golden eyes imaginable. When he is content or the day is bright, the pupils become vertical slits like snake eyes. When he is angry, or at night, the pupils grow and cover most of the eye, just leaving a golden ring round the edge.

Bruce and Springsteen are the last two remaining offspring (still kittens) of the female Muffin. They were created when Muffin was only just a 'woman' and caught on a rather unalert moment, along with two others that we gave to friends and relatives. They were named after my mother's choice in Pop Music.

Bruce is smaller than his brother and is jet black all over except for a small white tuft on his chest. His eyes are very dark and his whine is enough to put any teething baby in the shade.

Springsteen seems to have been born in the wrong country. He is a scaled down tiger. He has black stripes going down him filled with golden brown fur. His undercoat is a lovely white to match his paws and his face is white with an adorable pink 'Garfield' nose. His eyes are like Barnaby's. Springsteen has a very big build like his father (whom we managed to catch a glimpse of before he left - the rotter!) but Bruce takes after his mother who is small and petite.

Muffin is very small as cats go (almost kitten size). She is very feminine and dainty and can be easily scared. She still hasn't recovered from her fling with Bruce and Springsteen's father, who was nearly twice her size. Her markings are black and white. Her under side again is white but her face on top is black with a white chin and black 'beard'. Her eyes are like green saucers. She may be small in body but she makes up for it in huge eyes. They have a pleading, sorrowful look that would melt the stoniest heart.

In the morning before breakfast, all the cats are booted outside, which turns contented, sleepy looks into a cold disdainful glare, on frosty mornings. When they jump up onto the windowledge on the kitchen to be let in, four mouths open but no sound can be heard, because of the double glazing. When the window is opened, they enter to devour their 'Whiskas' ravenously. This little charade is repeated at lunch and last thing at night. On Wednesdays they are treated to boiled fish which they absolutely adore. Especially Bruce. This is when his loud cry comes into its own. One 'whiff' of fish and the sirens start. No matter how many times he's kicked out of the kitchen, he always manages to claw his way back - somehow! He virtually knocks the dish from your hands.

/cont'd

PAWS (cont'd)

At night is the hardest time getting them all in, especially Springsteen, as he seems to have found himself a girlfriend. Every night he comes in with a smug look on his face. Barnaby feels inferior and is incredibly jealous of the 'young boys'. We are constantly having to break up scraps between them.



Usually in the day, the cats lie sleeping, stretched on the lawn in summer, or on the sofa in the winter, but in the snowy weather things are different. Springsteen loves running, skidding then rolling over in the snow on the patio. Bruce tolerates it and sometimes plays. Barnaby doesn't like it but ignores it. He's the hardened veteran having lived five winters to the kittens' one. Muffin tries to put her feet on the ground for the least possible time and does a little dance on the way across the lawn.

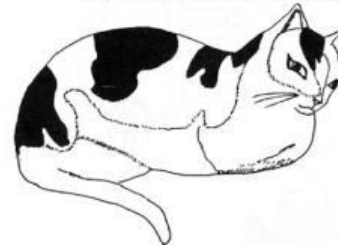


The kittens sleep in the outhouse, snuggled up together in a little box with a blanket. Barnaby and Muffin used to sleep upstairs on our feet but after a spate of 'incidents' when they both forgot house rules, they've been banished downstairs.

The cats aren't always bundles of fluffy fun. When they are not purring you to sleep with their noses in your ear or batting pom-poms, they are getting up to wicked things. Quite frequently we have to drop everything when we hear Mum scream and remove a mouse/mole/bird/rat/shrew (delete where appropriate!) from the patio, windowsill, floor or quite often the clutches of the murderous swine themselves - as Mum calls them. Once we came rushing to the screams of "SNAKE! THE CAT'S GOT A SNAKE!" to find Springsteen happily munching on a severed rat's tail, at least ten inches long.



However the cats are really well loved members of the family.



DAVID SIBLEY 3HE.

* * * *



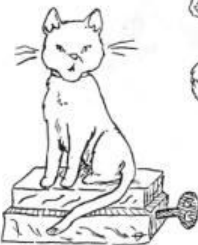
A TOY SHOP

An old silent toy shop.
Quiet - you can hear the ticking of a clock,
A consistent rhythm like a heart.
Then the clock struck twelve.
The toy shop came alive.
The soldiers kissed delightful musical ballerinas;
Teddy bears ate their picnic sandwiches;
Then the oldest most elegant toy, in his jolly voice,
spoke like music:

A musical cat,
The cat that all toys look up to.
It had bright green eyes and soft brown fur.
"Today," it chimed "is feast day, bring the food!"
And with that cups of tea, pretend fruit
and all the toy food you might think of
was brought to the table,
But all the noise had woken the shop-keeper.
They ran to their places and put on the same
pleasant, day to day faces;
And thought "I can't wait 'til next year!"



ALAN DARBY 2HE.



BLACK AND WHITE

Black is the evil colour, black is the night.
Black are the silhouettes in the moon's light.
Black turns to white, as the day draws near,
And white frost falls quietly, there and here.

White is pure and clean and new.
On the grass there settles white dew.
White stars glitter in the jet black night,
Like a white pearl, the moon glows bright.

The dove is a bird as white as snow,
And as black as coal there is the crow.
A newspaper is in black and white print.
Something cool and fresh is a white mint.

Piano keys are both black and white.
A black eye is acquired during a fight.
White chalk is used on a blackboard.
A black and white harlequin is not easily
ignored!

Black hair changes slowly to white,
As a life runs out of breath and light.
Black is the past full of misfortune and sorrow,
But white will bring something new tomorrow!!

JASWANT NAINU 4HE.

END PIECE

"The time has come", the Walrus said . . . this is
the fourth edition of the magazine for which I've been editor -
and it gets harder to produce something that will continue to
be fresh and interesting. I do not think you readers realise
quite how much work goes into what you see as a finished page.

This year I have been able to include more anthology
pieces - and my thanks go to all the pupils, who willingly
and promptly responded to requests for material.

The chance to design a cover was offered to pupils through-
out the School - thanks to all the entrants - and to those who
did not win, try again next year.

My special thanks go once again to Mrs. Mercy - and most
of all to Mrs. Whatling whose ideas and hard work are a
major contribution to the high standards we have come to
expect.

M.A.D.



That's all folks!

